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Isabella Hamilton, the Martyr;

A Tale of the Sixteenth Century.

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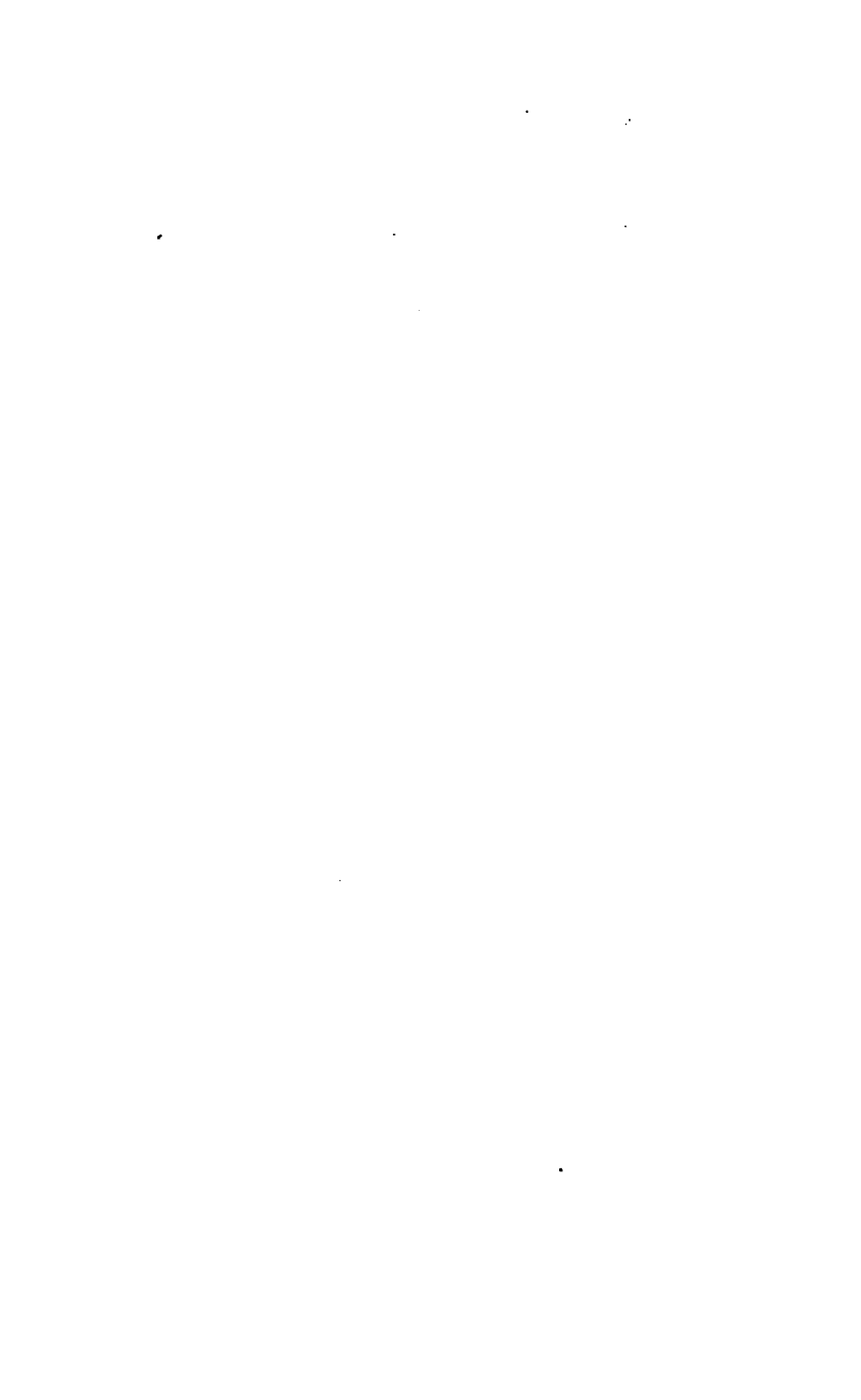
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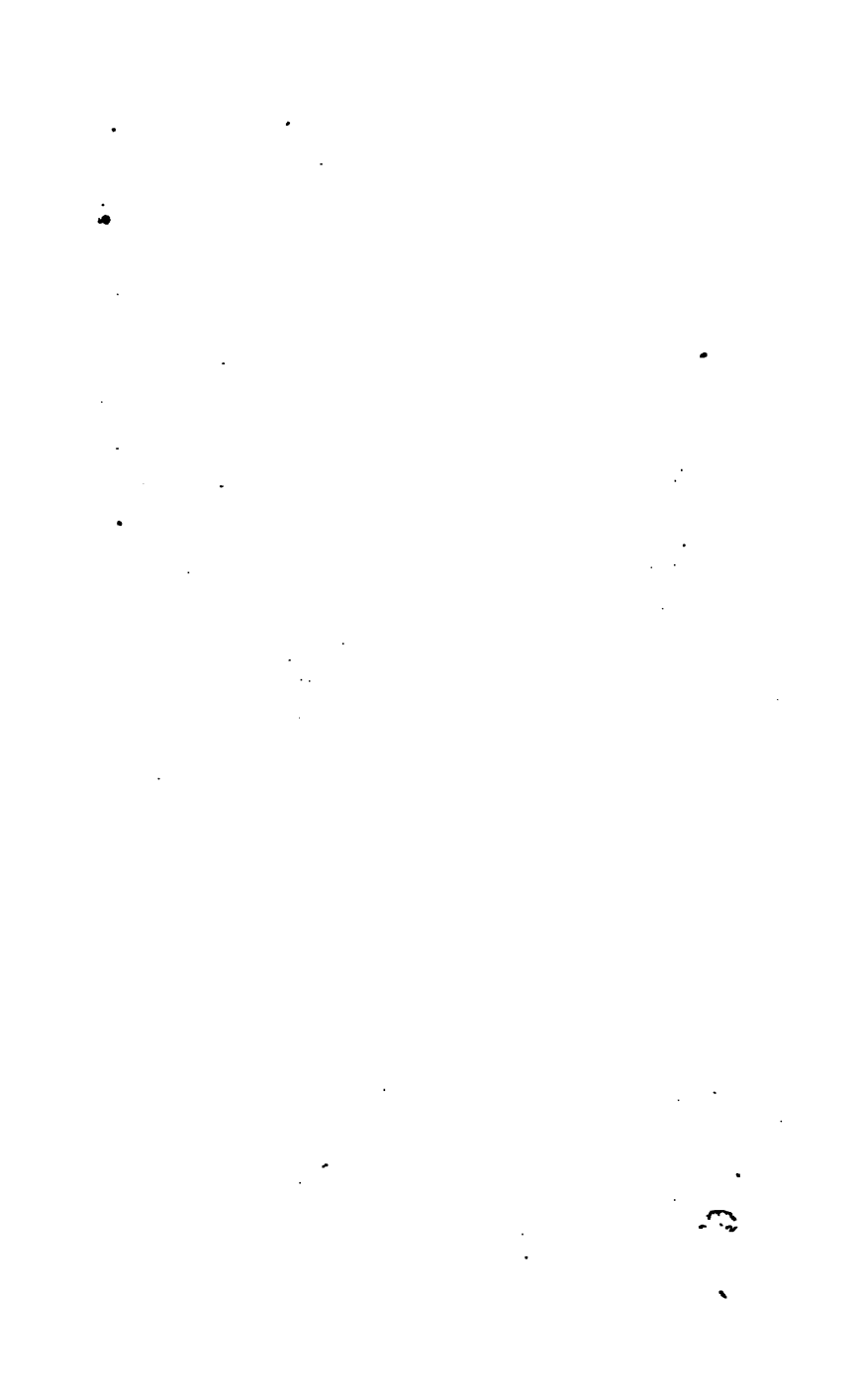


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THE PATRIOT WARRIOR:

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

For Young Persons.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AIDS TO DEVELOPMENT," "MOTHERS AND GOVERNESSES," "THE CRYSTAL PALACE," ETC. ETC.

"Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument,
And so sepulchred, in such pomp doth lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, might wish to die."

Milton.



ILLUSTRATED WITH A FRONTISPIECE OF "THE DUKE PRESENTING A CASKET TO PRINCE ARTHUR, ON THE FIRST OF MAY."

(By permission of Messrs. Colnaght.)

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Dedicated

TO THE CHILDREN OF GREAT BRITAIN,

WITH THE EARNEST HOPE,
THAT THE BRIGHT EXAMPLE HELD UP BEFORE THEM,
IN THE CONSISTENT LOYALTY,
THE SINGLE - MINDED PATRIOTISM,
THE FAITHFUL DEVOTEDNESS TO DUTY, AND
THE STEDFAST LOVE OF TRUTH,
MANIFESTED THROUGHOUT THE LONG LIFE OF

ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

MAY LEAD THEM
TO EMULATE HIS VIRTUES, AND
TO TREAD IN HIS STEPS.

P R E F A C E.

IF an apology is needed for writing another life of one whose history has already appeared in so many forms, it is contained in the simple request of a child: "Aunt, do write a life of the DUKE for Children. I cannot understand those that are written,—I want to know all about him." He, whose life contains the history of the present and past generation, and who has only just passed from amongst us, will always be retained in lively remembrance by those amongst whom he has so long dwelt: but children will only remember him as the venerable DUKE on whom they have looked with wonder as the hero of a past age, unless they are made familiar with his life, and are taught why England mourns for him as one man. He will survive amongst us in

outward monuments, and will dwell in our hearts as one whose life was devoted to his country, and whose noble deeds will go down to the latest generations ; and shall we not strive to stir up in the hearts of the children of England a noble emulation to follow in his footsteps, that we may train up a patriot race who shall hereafter become the defenders and strength of our land, though the greatest of all her heroes has been removed for ever.



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THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

Children's Recollections of the Duke—Anecdotes—Three Divisions of his History—His Birth—Letter of his Mother—His Family—Education—Campaign in Holland—Goes to India—Account of India—Tippoo Saib—Serengapatam—Doondiah—Voyage to Bombay—Illness—Return to Mysore—Marhatta War—Ahmednuggur—Aurungebad—Assaye—Argaum—Treaties—Return to England—Anecdotes.

THE lives of most men are not written till after they are dead; but several lives of the great Duke were published during his life. These have been all written for grown-up people, and contain much that children cannot understand: but they *can* enter into a history of his great deeds. And he was so fond of children, and took such delight in making them happy, that they have a right to have a life of him written for themselves. Many who read this book may say, "Oh yes, I remember him; I have seen the Duke, a venerable old man, with

beautiful white hair"—"I saw him at the Horse Guards," or "in the Park," or "going to the House of Lords." Some may be able to boast that he has spoken to them, or they have been honoured by his hanging round their necks, as he was wont to do, some kind token of remembrance—a golden coin, suspended by a blue ribbon. Happy children, who can recal his words and looks of kindness! you will remember and boast of these things when, in years to come, the name of the great warrior shall be had even in greater honour. Only two or three days before his death, a little boy known to the writer, met the Duke riding out at Walmer, and immediately took off his hat, and bowed, which the Duke most courteously returned with a low military salute. And this kindness was shown to the poor, as much as to those in higher ranks: so that he was beloved by his tenants as the best landlord in the country. A pretty story is told of his treatment of a poor boy whom he saw one day in his garden, crying bitterly. He was the son of one of his Grace's gardeners. He was very busily employed groping in the ground. The Duke went close up to him, but could not find out what he was doing. "What are you about?" said he. "It is a pet toad I'm feeding," said the boy, "and they're going to send me to school, and the toad will die." "Never mind, go to school, and I will take care of your toad; but how will he know when I come to feed him?" said

the Duke. "By tapping on the ground," said the child. "Well, teach me to tap, and I will feed him," was the reply. And for many days the toad was fed by the hand of the noble Duke, who then wrote to the boy assuring him that his favourite was going on well. I could give you many more such anecdotes of this great man. You little know what a long and wonderful life he has lived—what great deeds he has done; and that no man in the history of all past ages, or the present times, had ever accomplished so much, or been so distinguished.

Now, that you may understand the history of your own nation, and of other nations, and may be able, when you hear of the conquest of India, and of the great power of England over that vast continent, to know how it was accomplished; and that you may also know, when you hear of Napoleon Bonaparte, the Conqueror of Europe, how it pleased God to raise up one mightier than he to crush his power,—and through him to establish a lasting peace; for these ends, I will try and write for you the Life of the Duke of Wellington. His life naturally divides itself into three parts. The first ends with his return from India in 1805; the second with the settlement of the peace of Europe in 1815; and the third extends from that time to his lamented death on Sept. 14, 1852.

Arthur Wesley, for so his name was originally spelt, was born at Dungan Castle, County Meath,

Ireland, on May 1, 1769. There has been some doubt as to the day of his birth: but a letter has been published from his mother which settles the point beyond dispute.

*London, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square,
April 6, 1815.*

Sir,— In answer to your enquiry respecting my son, the Duke of Wellington, I inform you that he was born on the 1st of May, 1769. I am much flattered by your intention of celebrating his birth-day. The good wishes and prayers of worthy respectable persons, I trust, will continue to my son, the good fortune and success that it has hitherto pleased the Almighty to grant him, in the service of his king and country. I happened yesterday to meet with a very striking likeness of the Duke, which you will do me a favour by accepting of, from your

Very humble servant,

ANNE MORNINGTON.

To Mr. James Cuthbertson,
Seaton Manse, by Tranent.

His parents were both of English extraction, though settled in Ireland.—The genealogy of the family proves a lineal descent from Edward the First, so that the Wellesley family are of royal blood, and related to Queen Victoria. From another branch of the same family sprang John and Charles Wesley, the celebrated founders of Methodism.

Baron Mornington, the second who bore that title, married Anne, daughter of Viscount Duggan, by whom he had nine children, several of whom became distinguished. One was the Marquis Wellesley, afterwards Governor-General of India; another, Baron Cowley; and the fourth son, was Arthur Duke of Wellington. Lord Mornington was celebrated as a musical composer, and wrote the beautiful chant which bears his name. He died at Kensington in the year 1781, when his son Arthur was only twelve years of age; the charge of the family thus devolved on his widow, a woman of superior powers of mind. Arthur was sent to Eton, but as he gave no promise of talent, and appeared very inferior to his brother, who was there also, he was removed to a military school at Angers in France, where he was chiefly distinguished by exceeding liveliness and fun.

It was a curious circumstance that his first lessons in the art of war should have been learned in that country, whose Emperor he should afterwards entirely conquer, and also that the same school should have educated both these great generals, and the same year have given birth to Soult, Napoleon, and Wellington.

At an early age the subject of this memoir entered the English army, and by merit, rapidly rose to a high rank in it.

On Oct. 21, 1790, he was elected a member of the Irish Parliament, for Trim. His first military

campaign was under the Duke of York, then commander-in-chief in the Low Countries. The Duke having been unsuccessful in the conduct of the war, the 33rd regiment was sent out under Colonel Wellesley, to reinforce his troops. The latter distinguished himself by showing much personal valour, and conducting with great skill a dangerous retreat. An anecdote is related on his own authority, at the early commencement of his military career, which showed singular powers of thought in so young a man. On the second or third day after he joined his first regiment as ensign, he caused a private soldier to be *weighed* first in full marching order, arms, accoutrements, ammunition, &c., and afterwards without them. "I wished," he said, "to have some knowledge of the power of the individual man, compared with the weight he was to carry, and the work he was expected to do. I was not so young as not to know, that since I had undertaken a profession, I had better endeavour to understand it. It must always," he added, "be kept in mind that the power of the greatest armies depends on what the individual soldier is capable of doing and bearing."

Not long after Colonel Wellesley's return to England, he was ordered with his regiment to the West Indies; but after contrary winds had set in for several weeks, the troops were recalled. This led to an important event in his history—his appointment to go with his regiment to the East

Indies, where his brother, Lord Mornington, was Governor-General, and where some of his most splendid victories were afterwards gained. He reached the Cape of Good Hope in April, 1796, and landed at Calcutta in February, 1797.

During several years previous to this time, a bloody revolution had been carried on in France; the people had been massacred in great numbers, by tyrants, who had for a time, under the pretext of establishing liberty, ruled them with an iron sway. They dethroned the lawful king, Louis XVI. and had beheaded him, as well as his beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette, and proclaimed a republic. The form of government was frequently changed, and, under the name of first consul, Napoleon Bonaparte, a Corsican, rose from being an ensign in the army, assuming gradually more and more power till he was crowned Emperor of the French. He then raised vast armies, and gradually subdued almost all the countries of Europe, and threatened to invade England.

This was the mighty man of whom you will hear so much hereafter in this book. England, though invincible at sea, where she gained splendid victories, had an army far inferior to the French, both in numbers and discipline. It was entirely owing to the great powers of Colonel Wellesley that so complete a change was wrought amongst her soldiers, that at length no troops could withstand them. When he arrived in India, only part of that vast continent over which England now rules

was under her sway. It was divided into provinces, each of which was governed by a powerful and warlike chief, who possessed strong fortresses, and brave armies; and who, when they could not withstand the valour of British troops, escaped into strongholds in the mountains, and so eluded pursuit. It was against these people that Colonel Wellesley was sent; but, as a wise commander, he knew that before he led an army he must discipline it; and not only so, but he must take proper measures for supplying it regularly with food, and this in an enemy's country was no easy task. When you are able to understand his Despatches, which are letters and histories written by himself of all his wars, you will be surprised to see that he entered into the minutest particulars respecting the food and baggage of his soldiers—how it was to be carried, and how it was to be packed, and the weight and price of everything that was to be purchased for them; where it was to come from, and how it was to be obtained. In short, there was nothing that escaped his notice, or anything that could ensure the comfort of his troops that was too mean for him to think of. He ordered the number of the bullocks necessary to carry their baggage, and the horses also they would require, and their food and equipments. In order to do all this he had to study the resources of the country, the products of each province, the season at which each article must be bought, and the man-

ner of transporting it. All this required great forethought and arrangement, especially as in that country, at certain seasons, all the rivers rise to such a height as to overflow the surrounding districts, so that nothing could then be carried across them. There were bridges only here and there, so that a mistake in his calculations would have exposed all his army to starvation. Then his troops were not only British, but natives of India—of habits, languages, and religions different from each other. Some were Hindoos, idolaters who worshipped false gods, and these were subdivided into different sects and castes, who according to their laws could not even eat with one another. Part of the troops were Mahomedans, followers of the false prophet Mahomet, who taught them that he, and not Jesus Christ, was a divine teacher. It was very difficult to govern such a mixed multitude, and to make them yield that prompt obedience without which war cannot be carried on. The Indian names for their rulers differ from our own. The chief of all was called the Great Mogul; others who were princes over small provinces were called Nabobs. (In order to understand the history of India, each place should be found in the map.) The Mahomedan rulers were called Peishwas, and afterwards Rajahs. One of the most formidable enemies by whom Colonel Wellesley was opposed was Scindiah; his chief strength lay at Malwa in Western Hindostan.

Holkar was another powerful chief, who dwelt in Indore, south of Malwa. Then there were Hyder Ali and his son Tippoo Saib, and two chiefs named Dowlut Rao and Doondiah, who all successively fell under the conquering arm of Colonel Wellesley, but not till he had driven them from one stronghold to another, and contested every inch of ground with them. The Indian troops were in the pay of the French, and manned by French officers, who had taught them the art of European warfare, and thus made them much more formidable opponents. Bonaparte hoped in this way to divide the strength of the English, as well as to prevent their conquests in India.

The first movement of Colonel Wellesley was against Tippoo Saib, whose force consisted of 76,000 men, and his capital, Seringapatam, was the main object of attack. It was a large city, strongly fortified, and contained incalculable wealth. Before they reached this spot, a warm encounter took place, in which Tippoo was beaten, and his army driven back. He then entrenched himself behind some broken ground, from whence he was able to annoy the English, and prevent their approach to the city. General Harris, the English commander, desired Colonel Wellesley to seize a tope, or wood, which protected the enemy. The night being dark, the troops could not see their way, and did not at once succeed, but the following morning the tope was taken. They found

that a strong fort guarded Seringapatam. After a desperate resistance, the English effected a breach in the walls, and entered the city, where Colonel Wellesley soon found the body of Tippoo, in a gateway, lying under a heap of slain. The first efforts of the conqueror were to prevent plunder and cruelty to the vanquished, but he was obliged to enforce his orders with threats and severe punishments.

In this instance, and in all his after-course, his noble efforts were always used for the protection of his enemies, when they were in his power. The distinguished services of Colonel Wellesley were acknowledged by an appointment to be one of the commissioners to arrange the plans for the government of the conquered province of Mysore, part of which was assigned to his care.

The sons of Tippoo fell into the hands of the English, and an honourable interment was ordered for their father. Riches to an incalculable extent were found in the city ; and, what was still more important, the French power in India was greatly weakened. Colonel Wellesley's first act was to restore the throne, which Tippoo had usurped, to the lawful sovereign, Kistna, Rajah Oodiarer ; and, as he was only a child of five years old, his mother was united in the government with him, under the protection of the English, to whom Mysore became tributary. Kistna from that time bore the title of Rajah of Mysore.

The dungeons of Seringapatam were found crowded with prisoners ; and multitudes had been cruelly murdered there. Colonel Wellesley immediately released the captives. Amongst these was a ferocious bandit, named Doondiah Waugh. No sooner was he set at liberty than, with gross ingratitude, he gathered together a troop of desperadoes, to oppose his benefactor ; and for some time was the cause of great trouble to the English. After several escapes from their armies, he was at length closely pursued into the Marhatta territory, and conquered by Goklah, an officer of the Peshwah : but again evaded capture by flight. This desperate man assumed the title of “ King of the Two Worlds : ” and, having gathered fresh troops, he soon returned in greater force, determined, as he could not conquer Colonel Wellesley by force of arms, that he would waylay him, and carry him off by stratagem, when he was hunting. His plots, however, failed. In spite of the constant work in which Colonel Wellesley was engaged as a soldier, he found time to draw up a plan for the management of the vast resources of the province of Mysore — having first thoroughly acquainted himself with every particular respecting the country. Nothing is more remarkable in this great man than the various and opposite concerns in which he could engage with equal power and comprehension. Many thought that he had less talent for military affairs than for civil government.

He was offered, at this time, a very important and lucrative appointment, but he at once declined it, because he thought rightly, that until Doondiah was conquered India could not be tranquil. This disinterested resolution was very welcome to the Governor-General, who felt that his brother's influence in Mysore, and his knowledge of its resources, were so great, that his removal would have been a serious injury to the interests of the country.

Colonel Wellesley then took vigorous measures to subdue Doondiah, and discovered his camp at Hoor-gurgoor. "I surprised his camp," he says, "at three o'clock in the evening, with the cavalry, and wedrove into the river, or destroyed, every body that was in it, took an elephant, several camels, bullocks, horses innumerable, families, women and children, &c." "I do not know whether Doondiah was with this part of his army, but I rather believe he was not." On Sept. 11, 1800, Colonel Wellesley writes: "I have the pleasure to inform you, that I gained a complete victory yesterday in an action with Doondiah's army, in which he was killed. His body was recognized and brought into camp."* Kindness to his enemies was a distinguishing trait in the character of Wellesley; a remarkable instance of it was shown on this occasion. A beautiful boy of four years old, Solorouth Khan, the favourite son of Doondiah, was found, after his father's death, amongst the baggage. He was brought to the

* Despatches.

victor, who immediately took him under his protection, had him properly educated, and when he left India, deposited a large sum with a friend to pay his future expences. He afterwards entered the army of the Rajah of Mysore, under whom he served, till his death, by cholera, in 1822. Notwithstanding the strict discipline it was necessary to exercise over his troops, Colonel Wellesley acquired an indescribable power over thém, by acknowledging in the warmest terms their exertions in every action in which they were engaged, and also by reporting their names to the Governor-General as deserving of reward. After his brilliant success he secured the entire confidence both of the Governor-General, the British nation, and the natives of India.

The restless spirit of Napoleon could ill brook the successes of his rival; and in the year 1800, after our naval hero, Admiral Lord Nelson, had defeated the French, and gained a splendid victory on the Nile, the Emperor resolved to make an effort to restore his power in Egypt, which was then considered the key to India; judging that he could in that way cut off the direct communication between England and her possessions in the East. To prevent this measure, it was determined to send a large army from India, to attack the French in the rear, whilst Sir Ralph Abercrombie, with his forces, met them in front.

Just then, Colonel Wellesley received an ap-

pointment to take charge of some troops in Ceylon; but with no special object on which to employ them. The orders from England were sent him to Madras; and acting upon these, he sailed for Bombay without awaiting further directions from the Governor-General. Had he not done so, the army could not have reached Egypt in time; but, being contrary to military rule, his brother deprived him of his command, and placed General Baird over him. He immediately submitted to his superior officer, however annoying he felt his position to be; and, in a letter to his brother Henry, he said, "You have seen how much this resolution will annoy me; but I have never had much value for the public spirit of any man, who does not sacrifice his private views and convenience when it is necessary."

He had, with great pains, drawn out a plan of operations for the war in Egypt; but, just as he was about to sail for the Red Sea, he was taken alarmingly ill, and was entirely prevented from leaving Bombay. With his usual generosity, he presented these valuable documents to General Baird.

On his recovering from this tedious illness, the Governor-General restored Colonel Wellesley to the government of the Mysore, which he had unwillingly quitted at first. He was beloved by the natives, who looked upon him as their friend and protector, because he insisted on strict justice

being always done to the poorest amongst them, and would never allow them to be oppressed. In one despatch, he says, "The bygarry system is not bearable; it must be abolished entirely, or so arranged and modified as to render it certain that the unfortunate people employed as coolies are paid, and not carried further than their usual stage, and are not ill-treated."

On his return to his government, war was threatened on every side; the Marhatta territories extended 970 miles in length, and 900 in breadth, and contained a population of forty millions. The whole province was divided into five States; each of these was in constant conflict with the others—though nominally under one ruler. Of the Marhatta chiefs, Scindiah and Holkar were the most formidable, and their troops were both disciplined and officered by Frenchmen. One of these, named Perron, had nearly obtained the command of the whole army; though by the treaty of Amiens, Napoleon had professed to make peace with England.

In April, 1802, the rank of Major-General had been given to Colonel Wellesley. From the time of his appointment as Governor of the Mysore, his whole attention had been devoted to improving the province under his care, and providing against the probabilities of a war, many plans of which he had sketched out, to assist any officer to whose conduct it might be committed. Amongst

the points noticed were the state of the rivers, the times of their rising, the manner in which supplies must be brought, the danger of communications being cut off by the enemy, suggestions for throwing bridges over rivers, and how the fords should be defended—the nature of the soils in different parts, and their produce; the best food for horses, and how it could be obtained, &c. In short, nothing escaped the mind of this wonderful man.

Wherever he was placed, his influence was at once felt. His strict justice, and yet kindness to those he governed, made them equally respect and obey him. Notwithstanding his almost incredible exertions both civil and military, he managed his time so well, as to be able to write long journals of all his proceedings, and his writings showed the same clearness and vigour of mind as everything else he did.

The various petty sovereigns we have mentioned, each contended for the supreme power; Major-General Wellesley endeavoured, by making peace with some of the rivals, and giving pensions to others, to divide their forces and strengthen those of England; though war was not yet expressly declared. Some idea may be formed of the immense wealth of these Indian states from the fact, that Tippoo, in order to secure the alliance of Scindiah, had sent him thirty-eight camel loads of money as a bribe. It was soon found, that General Wellesley

was more fitted than any other person to take the command of the war against the Marhattas, and he accordingly received the appointment and marched towards Poonah. His former success had so secured the respect of the people through whose country he had to pass, that they welcomed the English as friends. The two rivals, Scindiah and Holkar, to whom peace had separately been offered, secretly combined against General Wellesley, and the Rajah of Berar was suspected of treacherously aiding them. It was therefore necessary to take prompt measures for their subjugation. Some strong forts were attacked by the English forces, and three fell before them. The first of these was Ahmednuggur, and so astonished were the natives by the success of the British general, that Goklah wrote to his friends at Poonah:—"These English are a strange people, and their general a wonderful man; they came here in the morning, looked at the Pettah wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast. Who can withstand them?"

Aurangabad next fell before the conquerors. Scindiah on hearing of this event joined together all his forces, amounting to 50,000 men. The major-general and Colonel Stephenson resolved to divide their troops, and to attack the Marhattas at once in front and rear; but Scindiah unexpectedly altered his plan of battle, and at once General Wellesley found himself in face of the whole army, Colonel Stephenson having taken

another direction. "The sight was enough to appal the stoutest heart; thirty thousand horse in one magnificent mass crowded the right; a dense array of infantry, powerfully supported by artillery, formed the centre and left; the gunners were beside their pieces, and 100 pieces of cannon in front of the line stood ready to vomit forth death upon the assailants. Wellesley paused for a moment, impressed but not daunted by the sight; his whole force, as Stephenson had not come up, did not exceed 8000 men, of whom 1600 were cavalry; the effective native British were not above 1500, and he had only seventeen pieces of cannon." *

The village of Asseye was the spot chosen by Scindiah, and only so undaunted and mighty a general as Wellesley could have ventured to encounter so overwhelming an army.

But, wonderful to relate, the defeat of the enemy was total; though at noon the cause of the British seemed almost hopeless, and their general had a horse killed under him. Nothing short of such perfect discipline and bravery could have succeeded against so unequal a force. 2000 Marhattas were slain, and three times that number wounded, besides their artillery being left in the hands of the conquerors; so that their power was effectually crushed. The remains of the army escaped by flight. The battle of Asseye has always

* Alison.

been considered one of the most remarkable victories ever obtained.

Lord Locke, another English general, was equally successful in his campaign against Delhi, which he took, together with the French officers, who were his most formidable foes, and finally annihilated the power of Scindiah.

After a battle, General Wellesley's first care was always to provide every comfort for the wounded. In order to obtain supplies for his troops, who would otherwise have been in great want, he won over the natives to supply him "by promises, kindnesses, presents, indeed by every kind of liberality of which he possessed the means, to attend the camp, and collect grain for the army." He rewarded those who brought bullocks, and gave presents with his own hands to enhance the value to those who received them.

After some hesitation he determined to send Colonel Stephenson to Burhampoor, and to march himself southward in the direction of Aurungabad; but finding that the enemy had taken up a different position, he sent fresh orders to Colonel Stephenson, and the result of these counter-marches was, that the latter was enabled to take Burhampoor, whilst General Wellesley attacked and seized the fort of Asserghur. He then resolved to attack the Rajah of Berar without loss of time. He pursued him to the river Godavery, where a gallant action took place, in which the British were completely suc-

cessful. The cautious policy adopted during the whole campaign disconcerted and weakened the enemy, whilst their opponents daily gained strength and courage. A suspension of hostilities was agreed upon with Scindiah; he could therefore no longer aid the Rajah of Berar, who was left to defend himself single-handed. Scindiah soon broke the treaty, and his want of faith brought on the battle of Argaum, which terminated in the destruction of his army; whilst the whole of his cannon and ammunition fell into the hands of his conquerors. "If we had had daylight an hour more," says General Wellesley, "not a man of them would have escaped. The troops were under arms, and I on horseback from six in the morning until twelve at night."* To prevent the Marhatta troops from plundering their enemies, the most vigorous measures were adopted, and the necessity of enforcing these orders was shown in these words—"If my Marhatta allies did not know that I should hang any one that might be found plundering, not only I should have starved long ago, but most probably my own coat would have been taken off my back."*

The battle of Argaum was immediately followed by the siege of Gawilghur. This was a fortress of immense strength, situated in the mountains and surrounded by a triple wall. The siege commenced on the 12th of December, 1803, and in a few days it was taken. The difficulties were so great from

* Despatches.



the inaccessible position of the fort, that "the troops in Colonel Stevenson's division went through a series of laborious services, such as I never before witnessed," says General Wellesley, "with the utmost cheerfulness and perseverance. The heavy ordnance and stores were dragged by hand across mountains and ravines, for nearly the whole distance, by roads which it had been previously necessary for the troops to make for themselves." * Yet, such was the strict discipline observed, that he adds, "I have seen many places taken by storm, and I never saw one, in which so little irregularity was committed, and which was so little plundered; and it is but doing justice to the corps to declare, that in an hour after having stormed that large place, they marched out with as much regularity, as if they had been only passing through it." *

These splendid victories led to a treaty with the Rajah of Berar, on most favourable terms for the British, whole provinces being ceded to them, together with large revenues, and an agreement on the part of the conquered, never again to employ in their service either the French, or any other nation hostile to the English.

These treaties included other articles, which confirmed for ever the dominion of England in India. Thanks were sent to General Wellesley for the manner in which he had carried on the war, and for the treaty he had made, in these words:— "The

* Despatches.

Governor-General in Council discharges a satisfactory part of his duty, in expressing to you the high sense which he entertains of the judgment and ability manifested by you on this occasion. The Governor-General in Council considers you to have rendered an essential service to the interests of the Honourable Company, and to have augmented the reputation of the British name, by the conclusion of this advantageous and honourable treaty.*

Scindiah, finding that he was deserted by his allies, was obliged to make a separate treaty for himself, in which he agreed to cede to England in perpetual sovereignty, forts and territories to a wide extent, and never to employ in his service the enemies of that country. General Wellesley might well rejoice in his success. "The British Government," he says, "has been left by the late war in a most glorious situation. They are the sovereigns of a great part of India, the protectors of the principal powers, and the mediators by treaty of the disputes of all."†

Though the health of the general began to fail from the extreme fatigues he had undergone; yet his work in India was not at an end. Numbers of the Marhatta troops who had escaped into strongholds in the mountains, again banded themselves together, and disturbed and plundered the country in all directions. At length, the general was able to strike one final blow, which totally dispersed

* Despatches.

† Ibid.

their forces and crushed their strength. The effort to accomplish this was so great, that he says, "This was the greatest exertion that I ever saw troops make in any country." Thus, between February, 1797, when General Wellesley first landed at Calcutta, and February, 1804, when he made the final treaty of peace, such a complete change had been wrought over the whole face of India, that that vast continent had been subdued and placed under the power of England. The generosity and disinterestedness of the conqueror were only equalled by his bravery. "It is necessary," he writes, "for a man who fills a public station, and who has great public interests in charge, to lay aside all private considerations, whether on his own account or that of other persons." "While in India, General Wellesley was remarkable for the affability with which he received the inferior officers with whom he carried on his communications, while with those of his own rank there was a cordiality in action and a total absence of anything like jealousy of another's success."* After receiving the thanks of the king and the parliament, for his distinguished services, he requested permission to return to England. Before his departure, he received magnificent presents from the troops, and from various bodies of men; and one, which he specially prized, from the natives of Seringapatam, with "prayers

* Maxwell.

to the God of all castes and colours" for his future happiness and success.

Thus at the age of thirty-six, Wellington returned to his native land crowned with honours, and having achieved conquests which, had his military career there ended, would have crowned him with undying honours. But this was but the first period of his eventful life. Whilst others were commending the rare qualities of the general, it was his care to ascribe the merit of his success to those who served under him. "Upon the occasion of quitting the army, in consequence of the orders of the governor-general, General Wellesley once more returns his thanks to the officers and troops for their uniform good conduct since he has had the honour of commanding them. In the space of little more than a year those in this quarter in particular have been tried in every mode in which it is possible to try troops, and have uniformly manifested that patience under fatigues and severity of climate, that activity and perseverance in labour, and bravery and discipline in action, which are the characteristic qualities of the best soldiers; their success and the honour the troops have acquired are proportionate to the good qualities which they have displayed, on which qualities Major-General Wellesley has always had the fullest reliance in every emergency of the service." *

* Despatches.

We cannot wonder that his health suffered from the extreme exertions he underwent, especially from the long marches under a burning sun, and the battles fought in a climate, the exposure to which enervates the strongest men.

Let us a pause a moment before we pass on to the rest of the history of this great man. We have seen that he was brave and courageous, that he had all the qualities of a noble warrior; but he had far more than this—God had gifted him with a clear judgment that rarely erred; with disinterested generosity; and that intense love of truth and right, that made him as just to his enemies as to his friends; and that strong sense of duty and patriotism that made him feel that even his life was not his own, but his country's." And where and how was this character formed? Brought up by a *mother* of no common mind, tended by her watchful love, and ruled by her stern and yet kind discipline, he has left it on record (I have been told) that his conduct was guided throughout by that Christian principle, which that mother had from earliest years instilled into him out of the Catechism,—“To learn and labour truly to get his own living, and to do his duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him.”*

That mother, in the letter already given, attributes

* “Wellington the Instrument of God,” by the Rev. W. Cooke. “A connexion of the late Lady Mornington’s confirmed the truth of this statement.”

to "the prayers of worthy persons, the good fortune and success, which it has pleased the Almighty God to grant him." And to her teaching we may attribute the fact, that when infidelity was so fashionable, as it was unhappily about the time of the French Revolution, he had the courage not only to avow himself a Christian, but to rebuke others for laughing at religion, as the following anecdote will prove:—Soon after Colonel Wellesley went out to India he heard a young officer at the mess talking in a very sceptical manner, and scoffing at the Bible. He looked very grave during this conversation, and afterwards requested to speak to the young man. He told him that his remarks were indecorous, and that it would be seriously injurious to him if he persevered in such conduct; that he was probably quite ignorant of the subject on which he was speaking. He then advised him to inform himself upon it, and said he would send him some books which he wished him to read carefully. In the evening, *Paley's Evidences of Christianity* were sent by Colonel Wellesley, and to that conversation and that present, this officer, who afterwards became an eminent Christian, dated his first deep impressions of religion.*

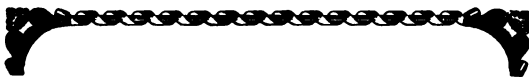
Very recently the duke declared, that his Bible had been his constant companion in all his campaigns.

Here, then, was the spring of that free forgive-

* Related by the officer himself to a friend of the writer.

ness of his enemies which he so constantly displayed, and which he expressed in those memorable words: "When war is concluded, I am decidedly of opinion that all animosity should be forgotten."*

* Despatches.



CHAPTER II.

Irish Secretaryship—Defence of Governor-General—Attack on Copenhagen—Spanish Treaty with the French Emperor—He takes Lisbon—Revolt in Madrid—and the Provinces—Sir A. Wellesley sent to Portugal—Proclamation—Battles of Rolicca and Vimiero—Sir A. Wellesley superseded—Testimonial of British Officers—Convention of Cintra—Recal of English Generals—Court Martial—Sir A. Wellesley's Defence—Thanks of the Parliament—State of Spain—Army from the Baltic—Napoleon's Address—His Army—Arrival at Vitoria—His Generals—Disposition of Armies—Defeats of the Spaniards—Madrid surrenders—Sir John Moore—Retreat—Battle of Corunna—Death—Victories of the French—State of the Peninsula.

AFTER an absence of nine years, Major-General Wellesley arrived in England, in September, 1805. The fame of his Indian campaigns had been instrumental in checking the power of Napoleon, who gave him the insulting title of "the Sepoy General."

For several years he remained at home, being employed as a commander of the troops at Hastings, and a member of Parliament for Rye. He was afterwards appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. He married, in 1806, Catherine, third daughter of the Earl of Longford, by whom he had two sons, Arthur, Marquis of Douro, and Charles, Lord Wellesley.

General Wellesley's first public act was the defence in Parliament of his brother, the Governor-General of India, whose conduct, notwithstanding his distinguished services there, had been called in question.

After long debates, the business terminated in the following resolution: "That it appears to this house, that Marquess Wellesley, in his arrangements in the province of Oude, was actuated by an ardent zeal for the service of his country, and an anxious desire to promote the safety, interests, and prosperity of the British empire in India."

In his office in Ireland, General Wellesley fulfilled its arduous duties with singular judgment and moderation, and he established a system of police, which was highly advantageous to the country.

In the year 1807, he was again called upon to take up arms, in an expedition against the Danes, to seize their navy, in order to prevent Napoleon from availing himself of it, and shutting up the Baltic.

This undertaking was eminently successful, and the thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted to General Wellesley, and the other officers employed in it, on their return. The Speaker thus distinguished Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley: "But I should indeed be wanting to the full expression of those sentiments which animate this house, and the whole country, if I forebore to notice, that

we are on this day crowning with our thanks one gallant officer, long since known to the gratitude of this House, who has long trodden the paths of glory, whose genius and valour have already extended our fame and empire; whose sword has been the terror of our distant enemies, and will not now be drawn in vain to defend the seat of empire itself, and the throne of his king. I am, Sir Arthur Wellesley, charged to deliver the thanks of the House to you, and I do accordingly thank you, in the name of the Commons of the United Kingdom, for your zeal, intrepidity, and exertion, displayed in the various operations which were necessary for conducting the siege, and effecting the surrender of the navy and arsenal of Copenhagen."

A foal was brought from Copenhagen on this occasion, which was called after that city, and became afterwards distinguished as the horse which carried our hero, for eighteen hours, during the memorable battle of Waterloo.

After this time, Sir Arthur Wellesley again returned to his duties as Secretary for Ireland, where he prepared plans for the building of proper houses and churches for the Protestant clergy, and for enforcing their residence in their parishes. Though the plans which he carried out raised him many enemies, yet one who knew him well said, "During his residence in Ireland, I did not hear one complaint against any part of his conduct, either as a public or private man."*

* Sir Jonah Barrington.

But the time was arrived when his great talents were to be displayed on a much wider sphere. In order that this part of his history may be understood, we must say something about the events which were occurring in other countries.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the Emperor of France, had organized an immense army, which, under the direction of skilful generals, called Marshals, trained by himself, and most of them raised by merit from the ranks, had overrun almost all Europe, destroyed the ancient forms of government—put down the lawful kings, and placed his own brothers on their thrones. His great ambition was to invade England, and this he frequently threatened to do, and prepared armaments for the purpose. But that God who says to the proud waves and to prouder man, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further," mercifully held back his hand. Great alarm was excited in England, lest he should be able to land his forces on these shores, and a strong militia to defend the country was raised up in every part of it. The French navy was frequently defeated by our brave naval commanders, especially by Lord Nelson, and was taught that

"Britannia ruled the waves."

The army of England, until formed by the genius of Wellesley, was far inferior to that of France, but that love of their country which made them resolve to die rather than submit, gave them a strength and courage which nothing could finally

resist. Events were now going on in the south of Europe, which brought affairs to a crisis.

Napoleon had induced the Spaniards to make a secret treaty with him against Portugal, the old ally and friend of England, and, to put it out of their power to change their purpose, he marched off the best Spanish troops into Germany, to employ them in the war he was then carrying on. He then poured his armies into Spain, marched them on to Lisbon, and took possession of that capital. The English merchandize was seized, the inhabitants forbidden to use arms, and cruel oppression exercised towards them. Junot was the marshal who commanded the French army. The inhabitants attempted a revolt, but he soon put it down. At length, in despair, they sunk into apathy, and neglected all their occupations, even their vineyards were left to grow wild. The Spaniards were soon to reap the fruits of their treachery to their neighbours. Disputes took place at Madrid, the reigning king was expelled, and Ferdinand VII., his son, proclaimed instead. Murat, the French marshal there, refused to recognize him as king. Napoleon thought this step too hasty, and recalled Murat, sending Savary to replace him in the command, with orders to accomplish by intrigue the destruction of Ferdinand. The latter madly determined on casting himself into the hands of the emperor, and with the whole royal family he went into France. Delighted to have so easily accomplished his purpose,

and finding them wholly in his power; Napoleon insisted on Ferdinand's abdicating the throne of Spain in favour of his brother Joseph Bonaparte. He had previously vowed, that if it cost him 200,000 men, he would possess himself of Spain. The Spaniards, enraged against their dastardly monarch, rose against the French, and murdered all they could meet with in Madrid. Murat, who had been made governor, fiercely retaliated, and the horrible cruelties committed by the French on the defenceless inhabitants caused a general revolt throughout Spain, and a junta was established for the government of the kingdom. At length, Napoleon obliged the nation to submit by force of arms to his brother Joseph, and French troops were placed in all parts of his usurped dominions, to keep him in possession of the throne.

The Pyrenees form the natural boundary, which divides Spain on the north from France: through these Napoleon had poured his army. There were still many Spaniards who hated the tyrant and longed for freedom. Some of these placed themselves under warlike leaders, and lying concealed in strongholds in the mountains, the guerilla troops, as they were called, often rushed down unexpectedly upon their enemies, cut off their convoys, and seized their supplies. But they wanted generals who understood the art of war, and who could discipline them into an effective force, otherwise their bravery was lost against such

admirable troops as those of the French, who had been accustomed to conquer wherever they went. Spain was reduced to a most hopeless condition, her fruitful provinces were devastated to supply her enemies with food, and her riches seized by them as lawful plunder. The inhabitants, who used to be a noble and generous people, had become, through the tyranny of her kings and the ignorance and superstition of the Romish priests who taught them, utterly debased. They had lost their high character as a nation, and were become crafty and deceitful. Not unfrequently those who professed to be brave and patriotic leaders turned out the basest cowards, and betrayed the cause which was intrusted to them, and the friends who supported them. Their armies were ill-paid, ill-fed, and ill-clothed, so that, in order to keep together, they had to plunder their own people. Just at this time, however, the affairs of the Spaniards partially revived, they had defended several cities bravely against the French, particularly that of Saragossa. In the northern provinces much patriotism was displayed, and the enemy was successfully attacked at once in different quarters. Moncey was driven from Valencia, and Dupont was first checked in his progress, then obliged to retreat, and finally to surrender with his whole army. Such was the astonishment of the French when they heard this news, that Joseph and his court fled from Madrid, and took refuge in Vitoria. Had she known how to improve her advantages,

Spain might have done much to recover her lost liberty, but the Spaniards could never maintain their ground for want of good military leaders.

Such was the state of things when a small army was entrusted to Sir Arthur Wellesley, that he might oppose Napoleon in the Peninsula. The English were much divided as to the policy of the measure; but their great general, with his eagle glance, saw at once that it was the only right course to pursue, and from that moment the energies of his mind were devoted to this one object, which, in spite of every obstacle, he pursued till the emperor was a captive in his hands. Sir Arthur Wellesley said that by carrying on war in Portugal and Spain, where the enemy already was, it would effectually draw him away from England, and prevent the like calamities in our own land, and that, though the expense of the contest must be very great, yet it would not be more so than if carried on elsewhere, or if a large army was kept inactive at home.

Junot held possession of Lisbon with an army of 45,000 men. He was cordially hated by the Portuguese, and the news of the revolt in Spain and the flight of Joseph, filled him with alarm; still the strongest forts in both countries were in possession of the French, and their troops were commanded by some of their ablest generals.

But amongst the oppressed people murmuring and disaffection rapidly increased, and at length

the Portuguese sent an embassy to England to implore succour. The call was generously answered, not only by the government but by the people, who sent aid both in arms and money.

But that which raised the hopes of the Portuguese to the highest pitch was, that the command of the troops was entrusted to Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was directed to go at once to Oporto, to aid the operations of the patriots there. At length a landing was effected in Mondego Bay, and the following proclamation issued by the English commander:—

“PEOPLE OF PORTUGAL!

“The time is arrived to rescue your country, and restore the government of your lawful prince.

“His Britannic majesty, our most gracious king and master, has, in compliance with the wishes and ardent supplications for succour from all parts of Portugal, sent to your aid a British army, directed to co-operate with his fleet already on your coast.

“The English soldiers who land upon your shore do so with every sentiment of friendship, faith, and honour.

“The glorious struggle in which you are engaged is for all that is dear to man—the protection of your wives and children; the restoration of your lawful prince, the independence, nay, the very existence of your kingdom, and for the preservation

of your holy religion. Objects like these can only be obtained by distinguished examples of fortitude and constancy. The noble struggle against the tyranny and usurpation of France will be jointly maintained by Portugal, Spain, and England; and in contributing to the success of a cause so just and glorious, the views of his Britannic majesty are the same as those by which you yourselves are animated.

“Lavaos, 2nd August, 1808.”

Had the conduct of the war been entrusted solely to Sir Arthur Wellesley, the victories which he afterwards obtained might have been gained at an earlier period; but he found to his regret that several officers holding superior rank in the army were to be placed over him, so that his plans were checked and cramped.

His first interview with Friere, a Portuguese general, convinced him that he could place no reliance upon him, and that the English were expected to provide not only for their own army, but for that which they came to aid. But even these circumstances did not daunt him, and he resolved to push on towards Lisbon. The first encounter which took place between the French and English troops was at Rolica; the former were led by Laborde, and the result was a most splendid victory gained by Sir Arthur Wellesley, a signal of his final success. It produced the most happy

effects, both in encouraging his own troops and those of the allies, who were ready at once to follow up his bold plan of seizing on the lines of Torres Vedras, a set of fortifications from which he could easily march on Lisbon. As he was about to execute this scheme, the success of which was almost certain, Sir Harry Burrard arrived and countermanded his orders, and thus prevented his advance, and no arguments that Sir Arthur could employ would change his purpose. Meanwhile Junot, fearing the revolt of the Portuguese, and the advance of the English, quitted Lisbon, and marched to meet them. An encounter took place at Vimiero, where a sanguinary battle was fought, in which Sir Arthur Wellesley was again victorious, and Junot lost not only 3000 men, but all his artillery. Writing to Sir H. Burrard, the general says:—"I have the honour to inform you that the enemy attacked us in our position at Vimiero this morning." Then after a detail of the battle, he says, "In this action, in which the whole of the French force in Portugal was employed under the command of the Duc d'Abrantes in person, in which the enemy was certainly superior in cavalry and artillery, and in which not more than half of the British army was actually engaged, he has sustained a signal defeat, and has lost 13 pieces of cannon, 23 ammunition waggons, with powder, shells, stores of all descriptions, and 20,000 rounds of musket ammunition; one general officer has

been wounded (Brenier) and taken prisoner, and a great many officers and soldiers have been killed, wounded, and taken." "The valour and discipline of his majesty's troops have been conspicuous upon this occasion."* "If I had not been prevented I should have pursued the enemy to Torres Vedras on that evening, and in all probability the whole would have been destroyed."* The officers who had served with such honour under Sir Arthur Wellesley were so much annoyed at his plans being frustrated, and men so much his inferiors in talent being placed over him, that they expressed their sentiments in the following manner:—

"Camp at St. Antonio de Tojal.

"My dear Sir,—Anxious to manifest the high esteem and respect we bear towards you, and the satisfaction we must ever feel in having had the good fortune to serve under your command, we have this day directed a piece of plate, value 1000 guineas, to be prepared, and presented to you. The enclosed inscription, which we have ordered to be engraved on it, expresses our feelings on this occasion.

"We have the honour to be, Sir,

"B. SPENCER, Major-General,

"R. HILL, Major-General.

"R. FERGUSON, Major-General.

* Despatches.

- " M. NIGHTINGALE, Brigadier-General.
 " B. F. BOWES, Brigadier-General.
 " H. FANE, Brigadier-General.
 " T. CATLIN CRAUFURD, Brigadier-Gen."
 " Lieut-Gen. the Hon. Sir A. Wellesley, K.B."

" Inscription.

" From the general officers serving in the British Army, originally landed in Figuera in Portugal, in the year 1808, to Lieutenant-General the Right Honourable Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B., &c., &c., their commander.

" Major-General Spencer, second in command; Major-Generals Hill and Ferguson; Brigadier-Generals Nightingale, Bowes, Fane and Craufurd, offer this gift to their leader in testimony of the high respect and esteem they feel for him as a man, and the unbounded confidence they place in him as an officer."

Nothing could be more mortifying to a general who had so distinguished himself, than to be superseded in the command, and he felt so heartily disgusted with the manner in which he had been treated, that he requested to be recalled to England. He thus wrote on the subject to Lord Castlereagh.

" *Camp, north of Torres Vedras,*
 " *30th August, 1808.*

" I assure you, my dear Lord, matters are not

prospering here; and I feel an earnest desire to quit the army. I have been too successful with this army, ever to serve with it in a subordinate situation, with satisfaction to the person who shall command it, and of course not to myself. However, I shall do whatever the government may wish." And again: "You will hear from others of the various causes which I must have for being dissatisfied, not only with the military and other public measures of the commander-in-chief, but with his treatment of myself. I am convinced, it is better for him, for the army, and for me, that I should go away; and the sooner I go the better." *

So little were those who had the command of the army, able to comprehend the grand views of Sir Arthur Wellesley, that they betrayed the interests both of their own country and of the allies, notwithstanding the favourable posture into which he had brought affairs in Portugal. The French could no longer maintain their position there. The people of Lisbon showed such unbounded joy when they heard of the victory of Vimiero, that Junot, fearing an insurrection, sent Kellerman to propose a capitulation to the English commander, who might have dictated whatever terms he pleased. Instead of this, a convention was made at Cintra granting such advantages to the French as were wholly unwarranted by their situation. Sir Hew

* Despatches.

Dalrymple was afterwards summoned to a court martial for his conduct. This convention contained twenty-five articles, the substance of which was, that the French should evacuate Portugal and deliver up its forts to the British. That the French army should carry away with them all their arms and baggage, and that they should be sent in transports to France at the expense of the English. That all the property belonging to the allies of the enemy in Portugal, should remain untouched, and that they themselves might remain for a year in the country. If any difficulty arose in the carrying out of any part of the treaty, it was to be settled in favour of the French, and the British admiral was to provide shipping for Junot and his officers. So shameful a treaty was violently opposed by Sir A. Wellesley, who urged the renewal of a war, of the favourable result of which no doubt could be entertained; but the folly of his superiors in command made them deaf to his entreaties, and the convention was signed at Cintra, which restored to the French a large number of effective troops, who would otherwise have become prisoners of war, and relieved them from all the difficulties of their position. It further provided, that a Russian fleet which was aiding their operations in the Tagus, should return unmolested through the Baltic, to the great injury of the Swedes, who were in alliance with Great Britain.

Sir Arthur Wellesley arrived in London, October

6th, and until he was allowed publicly to explain his conduct, he shared the unpopularity of his associates. Sir Hew Dalrymple was recalled to meet such a burst of popular indignation as had hardly ever been witnessed before. A military court of inquiry was appointed to be held at Chelsea College, before which the generals were summoned. The investigation lasted from November the 14th to December the 27th, 1808. Before this court, Sir A. Wellesley made a clear, frank, and manly defence. He pointed out the course he had recommended to be pursued, and the almost certainty of success which would have followed its adoption. "It has been my misfortune," he said, "to have been accused of temerity and imprudence, as well as of excess of caution, in the late transactions in Portugal; but without appealing to the result of what happened at the moment I gave over the command of the army, I may safely assert, that whatever might be the difficulty of the operation I had undertaken, means existed to bring it to a fortunate conclusion."*

The tide of public feeling was at once turned against the author of the disastrous convention, Sir Hew Dalrymple; and it was only prevented from a serious manifestation by the noble generosity of Sir A. Wellesley, who, though Sir Hew had not only thwarted him, but hindered the full success that would have crowned his arms, came

* Despatches.

forward in his defence, and did all he could to mitigate the public disgust. In consequence of this, a milder sentence was passed upon him than he would otherwise have received. The king, however, not only expressed his entire disapprobation of the convention, but desired Lord Castlereagh to convey his sentiments on the subject to the commander-in-chief. Sir Arthur Wellesley then laid aside for a time his military engagements, and resumed his Irish secretaryship and his seat in Parliament. The debt the nation owed him for his great services did not remain unacknowledged. As soon as the Parliament assembled in 1809, a vote of thanks was passed for his gallant conduct, which the Speaker communicated to him in the following words.

“Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley,—
After the events of last year it was impossible that Parliament should re-assemble without directing its earliest attention to the services of the British army in Portugal; and amidst the contending opinions which have prevailed upon these questions, the public voice has been loud and general in admiration of your splendid achievements. It is your praise to have inspired your troops with unshaken confidence and unbounded ardour; to have commanded not the obedience alone, but the hearts and affections of your companions in arms, and having planned your operations with the skill and promptitude which have so eminently characterized

all your former exertions, you have again led the armies of your country to battle with the same deliberate valour and triumphant success which have long since rendered your name illustrious in the remotest parts of this empire.

“Military glory has ever been dear to this nation, and great military exploits in the field and upon the ocean, have their sure reward in royal favour, and the gratitude of Parliament. It is therefore with the highest satisfaction that, in this fresh instance, I now proceed to deliver to you the thanks of this House; and I do now accordingly, by the command and in the name of the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, thank you for the distinguished valour, ability, and conduct displayed by you on the 17th and 21st of August last in Portugal, on the latter of which days you obtained at Vimiero, over the army of the enemy, a signal victory, honourable and glorious to the British arms.”

Sir Arthur Wellesley rose, and replied in the following words:—

“Mr. Speaker,—I beg leave to express my acknowledgments to the House for the high honour they have conferred upon me, by the notice which they have taken, and the approbation they have conveyed of my conduct, during the time I commanded his majesty’s troops in Portugal.

“No man can value more highly than I do the

honourable distinction which has been conferred upon me,—a distinction which it is in the power of the representatives of a free people alone to bestow, and which it is the peculiar advantage of the officers and soldiers in the service of his majesty, to have held out to them, as the object of their ambition, and to receive as the reward of their services.

“I beg leave to return you, Sir, my thanks for the handsome terms in which your kindness, I ought to say your partiality for me, has induced you to convey the approbation of the House.”

The House of Lords passed a similar vote of thanks to Sir Arthur Wellesley and the generals who had served under him.

Though retired from active service in the field, Sir Arthur Wellesley did not lose sight of continental affairs. On the contrary, he was preparing himself for his future work, and was diffusing at home such information, as was most important to enable the government hereafter, to understand and co-operate in his plans.

The French, though astonished at the successful efforts of the English, in driving them from Portugal, still held strongly fortified places in Spain. Their army was smaller than that opposed to them, but their superior discipline made them in reality much more powerful. They pretended to despise the English ; and Napoleon’s favourite expression in

speaking of them was that "he would drive the leopards to the sea."

The Spanish troops were miserably fed, clothed, and armed, and though their love of their country, and hatred of the French, sometimes inspired them with desperate courage, yet their efforts were never sustained; they knew not how to carry on a protracted war, and their leaders so often proved treacherous, that they no sooner gained an advantage than they lost it again: yet the infatuated people were so puffed up with a notion of their own invincible courage, that they fancied nothing could resist them, and that even the aid of the English would be unnecessary to deliver them from their tyrants. They even deceived themselves by magnifying the numbers and strength of their undisciplined armies. Succour, however, was brought them, which they little looked for. It has been already mentioned that Napoleon had transported their best troops into Germany, when they were in alliance with him, and afterwards, in order to keep them as far as possible from their own country, he had sent them on a difficult and dangerous service in the Islands of Zealand and Jutland, in the Baltic sea. The British admiral formed a plan for carrying all the troops off from thence, and taking them back to Spain. He sent a fleet for this purpose, under Sir Richard Keats, and after encountering some delays and difficulties, he succeeded in getting them all on board, and finally landing them safely at Santander in Asturias

The names of the principal Spanish generals at this time were, Blake, Palafox, and Castanos. These men unfortunately disagreed amongst themselves, and though the French armies had been rapidly reinforced, they resolved, unequal as they were to the encounter, to attack them. Had they been content to remain quietly intrenched in their camps or cities, they might, without running any risk, have tired and starved out the invaders, who, being so far from their own land, depended chiefly on plunder to support their armies. Blake, with the troops landed from the Baltic, was, for a time, successful against the French, in the north of Spain; and though the latter spread false reports in order to cover their defeats, yet Napoleon was seriously alarmed at the state of affairs, more especially as an old prophecy began to circulate in Paris, that the empire would be finally overthrown through the means of Spain. "I am determined," he said, "to carry on the war in Spain, with the utmost activity, and to destroy the armies which England has disembarked in that country. The future security of my subjects, a maritime peace, and the security of commerce, equally depend on these important operations." By a conscription—a cruel plan, by which every man in France was obliged, at the will of the emperor, to serve in the army—he easily recruited his troops. A body of 200,000 men, many of them veteran soldiers, were now ordered to march into

Spain. Before sending forth this noble army, multitudes of whom returned no more, Napoleon reviewed them, and delivered an address, which showed that he dreaded the power of England far more than he was willing to own.

“Soldiers! after having triumphed on the banks of the Danube and the Vistula, you have passed through Germany by forced marches. I shall now order you to march through France without allowing you a moment's rest. Soldiers! I have occasion for you! The hideous presence of the Leopard contaminates the Continent of Spain and Portugal. Let your aspect terrify and drive him from them! Let us carry our conquering eagles even to the Pillars of Hercules; and there also, we have an injury to avenge! Soldiers! you have exceeded the fame of all modern warriors,—you have placed yourselves upon a level with the Roman legions, who, in one campaign were conquerors on the Rhine, on the Euphrates, in Illyria, and on the Tagus. A durable peace and permanent prosperity, shall be the fruits of your exertions. A true Frenchman never can enjoy rest till the sea is open and free. Soldiers! all you have already achieved, and that which remains to be done, will be for the happiness of the French people, and for my glory, and shall be for ever imprinted on my heart.”

Little did Napoleon think, as he looked with pride on this magnificent body of men, whom he

sent forth in the full assurance of subjugating Spain and Portugal, and destroying the English, that they should all be cut off, or driven back into France by an English warrior, and that he himself should be finally crushed by his all-conquering arm,

“Blindly the wicked work
The righteous will of heaven.”

Napoleon commanded his brother Joseph, who had returned to Vitoria, not to attack the Spaniards. Blake, supposing that their conduct arose from fear, madly resolved to act on the offensive, and provoke them to fight. The result was, that Blake was utterly routed, and his army put to flight; and they never rested till they reached Bilboa. Napoleon was so determined to concentrate all his strength in Spain, to make one mighty effort for the expulsion of the English, that he withdrew his armies from such parts of the Continent as he hoped were securely in his power. He divided his forces amongst eight of his generals, in whom he placed the greatest confidence. These were Victor, Mortier, Ney, Gouvain St. Cyr, Junot, Bessieres, Moncey, and Lefebvre. Napoleon's plan was to keep the Spaniards in total ignorance of his movements, that he might at one blow annihilate them when they were least prepared. Blake had again madly made head against

some picked French troops, and endured a second defeat.

At that very moment Bonaparte himself appeared at Vitoria, and at once laid down his plans to set his armies in motion.—This was on November 8th. The rapidity with which Napoleon executed his schemes was one grand secret of his success; and the perfect discipline of his armies made his commands law.

In order to understand the scheme Napoleon then laid down, it is necessary to study the map of Spain. Napoleon was at Vitoria, in the province of Biscay, on the north. Blake had escaped to Santander, to the north-west of the same province, where the troops had been landed from the Baltic. Moncey was sent to Pampeluna, in Navarre; part of his troops were to be stationed there and part at Lodosa, to guard the province of Biscay; Colbert was sent to Logrono, in Old Castille: and Soult, the Duke of Dalmatia, who had been so long in Spain, was sent to oppose the Count of Belvidere, a young man, who had drawn together a fine, but undisciplined army, to which a number of students, the sons of some of the first families in Spain, had united themselves. Napoleon followed in the same direction, and sent the rest of the army in pursuit of Blake. Soult was commanded to cut off the Spaniards from Madrid by occupying the country about Burgos, a strongly fortified city, the capital of Old Castille. Here the

Spaniards had large magazines and stores of all sorts, and they fancied that the city was impregnable. But, alas! they soon found that their confidence was ill-placed; their army was utterly routed, and those who could escape, rushed into the city, pursued by the victors, and in a short time, the wretched inhabitants were pillaged and massacred without mercy. The army of Blake met with a similar fate; the few who remained fled in different directions, spreading terror wherever they went. Blake himself, with little more than 4000 soldiers, succeeded in reaching the Asturian mountains, where he was joined by the Marquis de Romana, one of the best of the Spanish generals. Soult pursued his success, and cleared the north of all the Spaniards who could offer any resistance. He thus kept open the direct communication with France, through the Pyrenees, by which means the army could be recruited, and supplies received, without difficulty. All this was accomplished in ten days!

Napoleon then fortified Burgos, which secured the grand road to Madrid. At this critical time, the Spaniards were so stupidly ignorant, both of their own weakness and of the power of their enemies, that instead of providing against the terrible dangers which assailed them, they were occupied in trifling disputes amongst themselves.

So much jealousy existed between the Spanish generals that each worked singly, and at the very

moment that nothing but union could have saved them, all was disorder and confusion.

Another fine Spanish army, which had taken up a strong position on a chain of hills, which a small body of disciplined troops could have held against a great force, was utterly routed by Lannes, Duke of Montobello. Some of the fugitives escaped to Saragossa, but about 10,000 were killed or wounded, and several thousands taken prisoners, with the loss of all their ammunition and baggage.

Castanos, and some troops under him, escaped the general misfortunes, owing to Ney's want of promptness, and reached Siguenza in New Castille, on the road to Madrid. Another fortified pass on the Sierra, which was held by St. Juan, and which a handful of troops might have defended, fell into the hands of the French, with scarcely any resistance. The feeble general escaped, and was afterwards cruelly murdered by his own soldiers, which was not the only instance of such an event in the Peninsular War. Castanos fled towards the Tagus as the emperor advanced on the capital, and then resigned his command to La Pena. The cowardly Junta, which nominally governed Spain, fled to Badajos, a strong fort in Estramadura, which was afterwards the scene of one of Wellington's famous victories. Madrid still resolved to hold out, and people of all ranks, women as well as men, vowed to defend the capital to the last.

There were 6000 troops within the city, but there was no commander on whom they could rely to direct the spirit of patriotism, which really burned in the hearts of this unhappy people. "Death to the French" was the cry; and they bound themselves to sacrifice everything rather than yield to the invaders. But the place was defenceless against such foes. On December 2nd, the French appeared on the heights which overlook Madrid—they were soon masters of them: and at noon, Napoleon himself arrived. By midnight all his troops were in readiness, and he commanded Madrid to surrender. The city hesitated—he directly ordered an assault; and part of the walls fell under his cannon. The inhabitants then demanded a parley; but unfortunately, sent Morla, a Spaniard, who was peculiarly obnoxious to Napoleon. He sent him back with these words: "Return to Madrid. I give you till six o'clock in the morning. Come back at that hour, if you have to announce the submission of the people, otherwise you and all your troops shall be put to the sword." Still the people refused to submit: and Castellar managed, with part of the army and artillery, to make his escape. But resistance was useless; and in the morning, Madrid was again in possession of the enemy. French generals were sent in all directions to cut off all who offered resistance; and, in six weeks, the emperor was again the undisputed ruler of nearly the whole of Spain—in whose government and laws

he made a complete change. The dastardly people besought him to restore Joseph as their king.

But this conquest was not enough to satisfy the ambition of Napoleon; the English were still in Portugal, and till they were subdued there was no rest for his spirit.

England, the nurse of freedom and friend of the oppressed, could not stand quietly by, and see the gigantic power of France thus crush a people who were longing for freedom, but without skill to obtain it; and though there was violent opposition in England to the plans Sir Arthur Wellesley had always pointed out as the right ones to adopt, it was at last decided to take some steps for the liberation of Spain.

Sir John Moore, the English commander in Portugal, was a brave general, and universally beloved and esteemed. He received orders to march into Spain to oppose the enemy, and 10,000 troops under Sir D. Baird were landed at Corunna to join him. He divided his army into four parts; the promises were most flattering which he received from the Spaniards, whose aid he expected, but partly from feebleness, and partly from ignorance of their real weakness, equally deceptive.

From various causes Sir John Moore lost much time before he was able to carry out his plans, so that the season was very far advanced before he crossed into Spain, and entered Ciudad Rodrigo. The army was in high spirits; but Napoleon, well

aware of Sir John Moore's proceedings, prepared an overwhelming force to meet him. Still he marched on to Salamanca, flattered by the hope that the Spaniards would rise and join him in great numbers ; but the French kept a close watch upon the Marquess de Romana, and prevented him from effecting a junction with the English. The latter first encountered the French at Rueda, and entirely routed them. Sir J. Moore then resolved on attacking Soult under promise of large succours from Romana ; but the wretched state of the peasantry in the Asturias made it impossible to reduce them to discipline. Lord Paget was successful in another quarter in cutting off some French troops, and a second time was equally fortunate with an inferior number of men to those he attacked. Just as the highest expectations were raised of a successful campaign, the intelligence arrived that all the French armies were gathering together for the purpose of exterminating at one blow the British army. No time was now to be lost, for Napoleon himself was advancing at the head of his troops, and these words contained in his despatch show by what feelings he was animated:—"The day in which we succeed in seeing these English, will be a day of jubilee for the French army. Oh that they may dye with their blood this continent which they have desolated with their intrigues, their monopolies, and their frightful selfishness ! Oh that they might be met with to the number of 80,000

or 100,000 men, instead of 20,000! that English mothers might feel the evils of war, and the English government cease to sport with the lives and blood of the continental nations! All the evils, all the plagues which can afflict the human race, come from London!"

Retreat was now the only hope for an army so comparatively small as that of Sir John Moore. The troops, disheartened by this change of plan, lost all spirit, whilst the overwhelming power of France was so near at hand, that the pickets were continually having skirmishes with each other, and day and night Napoleon urged on his men with desperate fury. On the eve of Christmas Day, the last troops had retreated, and Napoleon had then advanced within twelve hours' march of them, like a hungry lion, watching to seize his prey. Just as the rear-guard under Lord Paget had left Mayorga, he saw that Ney, by a counter-march, had intercepted the only passage by which they could escape, and awaited them on a hill which commanded it. The English, with a desperate courage, rushed up the hill, dislodged the French, and made many prisoners, but so closely were they pursued, that but for the strenuous efforts of General Craufurd, who blew up a bridge to prevent the French from crossing the river at Castro Gonzalo, a battle must have ensued. At Benevento it was necessary to rest the English army for two days. Here, a large body of troops were saved by the personal

courage and presence of mind of one man, Captain Lloyd. This event is worth recording, to show the importance of cultivating the habit of self-control.

“ Several thousand infantry slept in the long galleries of an immense convent, built round a square ; the lower corridors were filled with the horses of the cavalry and artillery, so thickly stowed that it was scarcely possible for a single man to pass them, and there was but one entrance. Two officers returning from the bridge, being desirous to find a shelter for their men, entered the convent, and with horror perceived that a large window-shutter being on fire, and the flames spreading to the rafters above, in a few moments the straw under the horses would ignite, and 6000 men and animals would inevitably perish in the flames. One of the officers, (Captain Lloyd, of the 43rd,) a man of great activity and strength and presence of mind, made a sign to his companions to keep silence, and springing on to the nearest horse, ran along the backs of the others till he reached the flaming shutter, which he tore off its hinges and cast out of the window ; then, returning quietly, awaked some of the soldiers, and cleared the passage without creating any alarm, which, in such a case would have been as destructive as the flames.” *

Sir John Moore had not only to conduct this perilous retreat, but to control the undisciplined troops of his allies, and the still greater discon-

* Napier.

tents of his own troops. But no sooner was there a moment for action, than they returned to their wonted good conduct and bravery.

Lord Paget had a serious encounter with the French, in which the latter were utterly discomfited, and lost many, who were made prisoners. At length, the British army arrived at Astorga, but only to meet with more difficulties. The Spaniards, who had deserted in large bodies, had first reached the city, and the want of provisions for so vast an army reduced them to a dreadful condition. To lessen their present straits, Sir John Moore commanded General Craufurd to advance with his troops by a different route. Meanwhile the French were gaining upon them. Soult had joined them with 50,000 men from Madrid, and Napoleon had in ten days, in the very depth of winter, traversed with his army 200 miles of country, over mountains and almost impassable tracts. So resolved was he on his one purpose, the destruction of the English! The army at last became more and more mutinous, and the fatal blow seemed ready to fall, when God mercifully interfered for their deliverance; like Sennacherib, when he was about to destroy Jerusalem, God said to Napoleon, "I will put my hook in thy nose, and My bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way that thou camest." He too "heard a noise and a rumour;" couriers from Paris brought intelligence to the emperor, that Austria had revolted from him, and that

nothing but his presence could preserve France from impending danger. Not a moment was to be lost, and taking with him his imperial guard, he marched through the Pyrenees, leaving Soult in command of the reduced army—but equally bent to fulfil the same end.

Two things only remained to Sir J. Moore, either to continue his retreat till he reached the coast, and could embark his army, or to give Soult battle.

The troops were all impatient for action, but retreat, to their utter mortification, was resolved on. This so discouraged the soldiers that they lost all discipline, and whenever they entered a town gave themselves up to the most fearful intoxication. The particulars of this sad retreat are almost too painful to read. At Bembibre, numbers were so maddened by drink that the French rode into the town and killed them without resistance in the streets. At Villa Franca a sharp encounter took place between the two armies, in which the French were finally driven back. Happily at this time a supply of clothing and ammunition reached them from England; but their march was continued so rapidly that, to prevent a large sum of money, which arrived at the same time, from falling into the hands of the French, Sir John Moore commanded that it should be rolled down a mountain. But the fearful sufferings of the army increased to such a degree, that at length their road was marked

by the dying and the dead. Yet even in this state the British made a short but brave defence of a mountain pass, and drove back the French. At length they halted at Lugo, and here Sir David Baird's troops joined them. The hope of a battle now re-inspired the worn-out soldiers, and at once they returned to obedience and order.

At noon, Soult appeared, with his army, and the battle commenced by an attack from the French. Sir John Moore led on his men in person, and drove back the assailants. The next morning the enemy remained perfectly quiet, and Sir John Moore saw that their plan was to weary him out. He again resolved on retreat, which was continued till they reached Corunna. Then came the moment of the bitterest trial to the unfortunate English general. He had abandoned every spot in which battle could have been given in an advantageous position, and instead of finding an English fleet at hand, in which to embark his worn-out army, none appeared in sight.—All hope was lost.—He had been so undecided as to the point of embarkation, that the transports knew not where to meet him, and contrary winds had prevailed for a long time about the northern coast of Spain. A battle was therefore inevitable; as the French were coming up in full force. The British pickets occupied the village of Elvina: hills surrounded the spot, and part of the army was posted upon them. The difficulty of fording a

deep river had delayed the enemy for two days. On the 13th, Sir John Moore ordered the magazines to be blown up, which contained the supplies of powder for the Spaniards. The explosion was terrific, for one magazine contained 4000 barrels of powder. On the evening of the 14th the English fleet appeared in sight, and the sick were immediately embarked, and most of the artillery and cavalry, and during the night the infantry were also to have gone on board. Just as Sir John Moore had given his last orders to that effect, a movement was seen in the French camp, and Soult came on with all his forces. Elvina was taken and retaken. The battle was fiercely fought on both sides, Sir David Baird was disabled, and Sir John Moore received a death-wound, but he raised himself from the ground, and seeing his troops victorious, he permitted his men to carry him off the field, which they did with the most tender solicitude. Before he expired, Soult's defeat was complete, and though possessing both an army and position infinitely superior to that of the English, he lost 3000 men, whilst the loss of the former was only 800. General Hill buried Sir John Moore by torch light, and then following out his deceased commander's orders, he embarked all the remaining troops.

The army mourned for Sir John Moore as one universally beloved and respected. Both Wellington and Soult held his military talents in high

respect. His chief fault seems to have been want of confidence both in his own power and that of his army. Though his campaign was a melancholy failure, the British nation did ample justice to his merits, both as a man, and as a brave soldier. Soult caused an inscription to be placed on a rock, near which he fell—and, by a fellow soldier, his character is thus delineated: “The British army has produced some abler men, and many in point of military talent were, and are, quite his equals; but it cannot, and perhaps, never could, boast of one more beloved; not by his personal friends alone, but by every individual who served under him.”* Corunna held out against the French till all the English were in safety on board their fleet. Soult then pushed on his conquests till he had subdued Galicia, and reduced Spain, apparently to hopeless subjection. Napoleon published the most false accounts of the war, described the English army as routed, and their ammunition and stores as taken by the French. The cowardly submission of the Spaniards to their conqueror was most disgraceful. Thirty thousand people signed a petition imploring the emperor to restore Joseph to the throne. Every fortress in the north fell into the hands of the enemy. The road from Bayonne to Madrid was guarded by their troops, and 330,000 Frenchmen held possession of the land. The few scattered Spanish armies, who still hated the tyrants,

* Lord Londonderry.

made ineffectual efforts to free their country, but were everywhere beaten. The remnant of one of them fled to Saragossa, where they fortified themselves, and determined to hold out to the last. The French invested the city with 35,000 men. There were stores of every kind within its walls, and abundance of English arms of the best quality, besides a large powder-magazine. The people were resolute and brave, and 55,000 men were engaged in the defence. It contained forts and convents, which afforded strongholds for refuge and protection. The inhabitants refused all terms of surrender when pressed by a blockade. The French then issued orders to storm the city; but when they had effected a breach, the inhabitants drove them back, and the women acted as undauntedly as the men. The enemy then resolved to sack the town, and thus obtained an entry; but the Spaniards fought them from house to house, and the cruelties practised by the besiegers were too horrible to relate. They hung up multitudes of innocent victims, and butchered them with insatiate cruelty. Still the people held out, and as one fort after another fell into the hands of the merciless foe, they defended the remainder with redoubled fury. Pestilence raged in the devoted city, and hundreds died of it daily. At length, finding resistance no longer practicable, they offered to capitulate, and, after a brave resistance of fifty-two days, 13,000 men marched out and laid down their arms. These

were the remains of an immense population, 54,000 of whom had perished in the siege.

Everywhere the French were victorious. Napoleon then commanded Soult to take Oporto. Here, however, he was disappointed in his first position, for the Portuguese made a brave resistance, and utterly routed the enemy, and obliged Soult to march in a different direction. The French then attacked the town of Chaves, and after a great slaughter of Spaniards it surrendered. Soult advanced to Oporto a second time, and, after a vigorous defence, forced it to yield. Unheard-of cruelties were perpetrated by the victors, and 10,000 inhabitants were slaughtered after the city was taken. Soult endeavoured in vain to restrain the cruelty of his soldiers, who had been provoked by the ferocity of the Portuguese to commit this outrage on humanity.

Battles varying in importance frequently took place between the French and Spaniards, generally terminating in favour of the former, from the want of discipline in their opponents.

Napoleon, still bent upon his grand scheme of expelling the English from Portugal, or, to use his own contemptuous phrase, "driving the leopards to the sea," commanded Victor and Lapisse to attack Portugal from the south, and sieze on Lisbon. A fine Spanish army opposed their progress, but it was finally routed and cut to pieces. It was necessary to give a brief account of these events

both in Spain and Portugal, though not carried on under Sir Arthur Wellesley, because it was just at this point, in which every other resource failed, and all seemed reduced to a state of utter and hopeless ruin, that his great genius was called forth, and equally, by his clear judgment and undaunted bravery, a complete change was wrought in the affairs of the Peninsula.



CHAPTER III.

Sir A. Wellesley takes the Command in Portugal—Plan of Campaign—Application of the Spaniards—Battle of the Douro—Wellington takes Oporto—Soul's Retreat—Wellington's Proclamation—Battle of Talavera—Sufferings of the Army—Wellington made Captain-General of the Spanish Army—He goes to Badajos—Sickness in the Army—Lines of Torres Vedras—Loss of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida—Battle of the Coa—Battle of Busaco—Application for Help for the Portuguese—Final Retreat of Massena—Surrender of Badajos—Battle of Sabugal—Proclamation.

No sooner was it known in Portugal that Sir Arthur Wellesley was going to assume the command, than the most unbounded joy prevailed. The cause which they had thought hopeless, they now looked upon as secure; and he was at once nominated Marshal-General of the Portuguese army. The troops were put under his command, to be manned by British officers; and on April 27, 1809, he landed, and commenced that memorable struggle which ended in the liberation of Europe.

Marshal Soult was still at Oporto. Lapisse had joined Victor at Merida, upon the Guadiana; Cuesta, who had been defeated by the French, was at Llerina. This being the situation of the

respective armies, Sir A. Wellesley determined to move northward with 6000 Portuguese and nearly all the British forces—leaving the rest to guard the Tagus, and prevent the enemy from crossing it. His plan was first to drive the French from the north of Portugal, then to move to the east, and gradually to expel them altogether from that kingdom.

After all their disasters, many looked upon this plan as visionary; but the great mind that had conceived it, was able also to execute it. Every step he took had been thoroughly considered beforehand. Nothing was more remarkable in the mighty mind of Sir A. Wellesley than the combination of the calmest judgment with that clear, quick discernment, which enabled him at once to seize on every point, at which either danger or success could be anticipated. Then, with an endurance which, step by step, led to the accomplishment of what he saw intuitively, might be done, he dared calumny, impatience, mistrust, and jealousy, both in those he was aiding, and those by whom he was employed. He was often called to bear the hardest of all trials,—the cruel misrepresentation of his actions by his own countrymen, because he knew that he was doing right; and that the right must finally prevail. To use his own words: “I believe I am as anxious as any other man that my character should not suffer; I do not mean in the mouths of common reporters and

scandal-bearers, but in the eyes of a fair-judging people.”*

At this crisis the Spaniards applied to him for assistance, but he was forced to refuse their request, considering that the duty he was appointed to fulfil was to expel the French from Portugal. Yet he held out the hope of assisting them hereafter; advising, in the mean time, that they should attend only to the defence of the country, and avoid, as far as possible, actual operations.

A characteristic proof of Sir Arthur Wellesley's indefatigable character is found at this date in his despatches: “I am obliged to you for your offer to procure me assistance to copy my despatches; but I have plenty of that description. The fact is, that, excepting upon very important occasions, I write my despatches without making a draft; and those which I sent to you were so written before I set out in the morning, and I had not time to get them copied before they were sent, which was the reason why I asked you to return a copy of them.”

The scheme Wellesley resolved to carry out first, was to dislodge Soult from Oporto. To secure Lisbon during his absence, he caused the bridges to be blown up, by which the French might have approached the city.

He had now the co-operation of some of the best

* Despatches.

generals, in whom he could place entire confidence; Beresford, Hill, Paget, Grant, &c. The Portuguese were unfortunate in an encounter with Laborde; but a dangerous conspiracy was going on in the army under Soult's command, and overtures were made to Sir Arthur Wellesley by the disaffected French soldiers, but he refused to take any part in so base a transaction.

Wellington and Hill agreed to attack Soult at two different points. Some sharp skirmishes took place between the advanced posts, which ended in the French being dislodged and driven across the Douro. Still Soult felt himself secure in Oporto, fancying that the English could only attack him by sea. The Douro, a rapid river, 300 yards in width, separated the two armies, and the English were totally destitute of boats by which to cross it. The French were in full strength on the other side of the stream, and the English army was divided. Almost any other general would have despaired; but danger only added strength to the indomitable spirit of the British commander. From the heights he took a view of the surrounding country to see if there was any vulnerable point on which he could seize.

Opposite the Serra he observed a strong building, called the Sanctuary, and he at once decided to take it. It commanded the Valonga road, along which Soult's army was marching. They had destroyed the bridge across the river, and there was

no ford by which the English army could cross. But, at this critical moment, a Portuguese barber paddled over in a skiff. Colonel Waters, a Portuguese, jumped into it, re-crossed the river, and soon returned with several barges, undiscovered by the French. "Let the men cross," was the order instantly given by the English commander, and in twelve minutes his men were seen on the other side of the stream. Their passage was defended by the Sanctuary which Sir A. Wellesley had seized, and in which he had placed twenty cannon. As the 3rd detachment under Paget was landing, they were discovered by the enemy in the city, who immediately rushed forth to attack them. The Portuguese with shouts encouraged the English; but the conflict which ensued was dreadful, from the inequality of numbers. The Sanctuary was also attacked; but the English cannon kept the enemy at bay, till enough of the troops had crossed to seize part of the city. Hill meanwhile threw the enemy into utter disorder and rout from the Sanctuary, took their guns, and numerous prisoners. Soult was completely defeated, and "at four o'clock, Wellington quietly sat down to the dinner and table service which had been prepared for Marshal Soult,"* in Oporto. The crossing of the Douro, and the whole of this memorable victory, was considered one of the most brilliant exploits ever achieved. The title of Marquis of Douro was

* Alison.

given to Sir Arthur Wellesley in reward for this service.

Beresford had succeeded in driving Loison from Amarante, so that Soult had no way of escape left but by abandoning his baggage and artillery, after destroying all that he could of it, and finally crossing the mountains, followed by such of his troops as could make their escape, and pursued by Sir A. Wellesley. The difficulties and perils encountered by the French army were incredible; numerous prisoners fell into the hands of the English, but by giving up everything but his men, Soult at length secured his retreat with 19,000 only of the army of 26,000 with which he entered Portugal. Nothing marks more strongly the character of the British general than the generous care he always took to preserve the lives of his enemies. The cruelties which the French had perpetrated on the Portuguese had so infuriated the latter, that, but for his interference, they would have retaliated fearfully upon them. As soon as he took Oporto, he issued the following proclamation :

“ *Head-Quarters, Oporto, 13th May, 1809.*

“ Arthur Wellesley, Commander of the British Army in Portugal, and Marshal-General of the Armies of H.R.H. the Prince Regent ;

“ Inhabitants of Oporto !

“ The French troops having been expelled from

this town by the superior gallantry and discipline of the army under my command, I call upon the inhabitants of Oporto to be merciful to the wounded and prisoners. By the laws of war they are entitled to my protection, which I am determined to afford them ; and it will be worthy of the generosity and bravery of the Portuguese nation not to revenge the injuries which have been done to them, on these unfortunate persons, who can only be considered as instruments in the hands of the more powerful, who are still in arms against us.

“I therefore call upon the inhabitants of this town to remain peaceably in their dwellings. I forbid all persons not military to appear in the streets with arms ; and I give notice that I shall consider any person who shall injure any of the wounded, or of the prisoners, as guilty of the breach of my orders.

“I have appointed Colonel Trant to command in this town till the pleasure of the government shall be known ; and I have ordered him to take care that this proclamation is obeyed.”*

The Marquess de Romana obtained some success against Ney, but afterwards was beaten by him ; nevertheless, the late victories of the English had in some degree revived the spirits of the Spaniards.

The Portuguese at this time threw some serious difficulties in the way of the English commander,

* Despatches.

by claims of rank in the army which it was difficult to settle ; but the latter, as ever, took what he considered to be the side of right, against all personal or national considerations. In a similar spirit he acted when, at the taking of Oporto, an immense booty, amounting to at least half a million, would have been fairly his proportion of the spoils ; he refused to take any of it, and insisted on its being secured to the Portuguese inhabitants, to whom he thought it rightfully belonged. But new troubles beset the path of the victor. The government at home left the troops so destitute of supplies, that they fell into disorder, and committed great irregularities. Their conduct is thus described in a letter to Lord Castlereagh :—

“The army behave terribly ill; they are a rabble who cannot bear success any more than Sir John Moore’s could bear failure. I am endeavouring to tame them ; but if I should not succeed, I must make an official complaint of them, and send one or two corps home in disgrace. They plunder in all directions.”*

His march onwards was delayed at least a month by want of stores. An interview then took place between Cuesta, the Spanish general, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, in which a plan of united operations was concerted ; but the Spanish want of faith was shown as usual : and the promises on their part were never fulfilled. Nor was the treatment he expe-

* Despatches.

rienced from the government at home at all better; besides which, cruel reports were circulated, injurious to the character of the general.

“If,” he says, “we are fit to be trusted with the charge with which we are invested, our characters are not to be injured by defamatory reports of this description. But I am aware that there are not wanted in England channels for circulating defamation of this kind.”*

Yet unreasonable expectations were entertained of what he ought to accomplish, of which he thus complains:—

“According to your account, I have 35,000 men; according to my own, I have only 18,000; and the public will not be satisfied, either with you or me, if I do not effect all that 35,000 men are expected to do.”

Nothing could exceed the difficulty of managing the Spanish army; and their general, Cuesta, in spite of all Wellington’s advice, got himself into inextricable difficulties. Victor was encamped in the neighbourhood of Talavera, and to this point the attention of the British commander was directed, with a resolution to hazard a battle, in case an advantageous opportunity offered. After a careful survey of the position, a spot peculiarly adapted for the purpose was discovered, and upon this he seized. Talavera is situated on the north of the Tagus, and well defended by nature. A post


* Despatches.

was chosen for the Spaniards to occupy, which they could not quit, nor endanger the British army if they failed to afford it support. The numerical strength of the French army was immensely superior to that of the allies; but the position of the latter partly compensated for the difference in numbers. One circumstance which renders the battle of Talavera memorable is, that in reconnoitring the ground the previous day, Sir Arthur Wellesley nearly lost his life; but He "who covered his head in the day of battle" preserved him in this danger also. "While he was reconnoitring, a three-pound shot was fired at him with so good an aim, that it cut a bough from a tree close to his head."* At the commencement of the engagement he was nearly taken by the French; and in consequence of some disturbance which had occurred in the rear, reports were spread in all directions that the English were cut to pieces and their commander killed. During the night several French troops had got mixed with the allies, and, pretending to be Germans, had done great damage amongst them. General Hill, being deceived in like manner, had had his horse seized; but he gallantly freed himself, rushed up the hill which the French had taken, and, at the head of some chosen troops, dislodged them, and the loud cheers of the British infantry told that they were masters of the field, as they drove the enemy before them down

* Southey.

the heights. Victor was the French commander ; Jourdan and Joseph had united their forces with his ; and Soult with his army was about to join them.

The next day another battle took place and with the same success ; the French were again driven from the hills which they had re-occupied. This battle began at five in the morning, and at nine o'clock both armies, wearied by such desperate efforts, rested for some hours by mutual consent. This interval was employed in carrying off the wounded, and relieving the sufferers—a beautiful instance of generous feeling was shown at this time by the rival troops :—“ A small stream, tributary to the Tagus, flowed through a part of the battle-ground, and separated the combatants during the pause that the heat of the weather and the weariness of the troops had produced. Both armies went to the banks of the rivulet for water ; the men approached each other fearlessly ; threw down their caps and muskets ; chatted to each other like old acquaintances, and exchanged their canteens and wine-flasks ; all asperity of feeling seemed forgotten. To a stranger they would have appeared more like an allied force than men hot from a ferocious conflict, and only gathering strength and energy to re-commence it anew. . . . Suddenly the bugles sounded, the drums beat to arms ; many of the rival soldiers shook hands, and parted with expressions of mutual esteem ; and in ten



minutes after they were again at the bayonet's point.*

The battle was then resumed with redoubled fury, and those who had so lately exchanged kindly words as friends, rushed forward to mutual destruction. The attack was recommenced by the French, who were driven back with loud shouts by the British, ten of their guns were taken, and they were finally routed with great slaughter. A melancholy addition to the day's sufferings arose from the dry leaves and grass which covered the field taking fire, so that the whole ground was one fearful blaze, and numbers of the wounded were unable to escape the fury of the raging element. The battle of Talavera lasted till six in the evening, when the English were left undisputed conquerors in the field.

The cowardly Spaniards had remained, during the action, perfectly inert, never affording the least assistance to those who were thus sacrificing their lives for their protection. The loss was great on both sides, but that of the French far exceeded that of the Allies, and was reckoned at 10,000 men, and seventeen guns.

The English suffered dreadfully during the night for want of food and shelter, but in the morning they rose from the damp earth which had been their only bed, fresh for further victory.

The battle of Talavera is justly reckoned one

* The Bivouac.

of the most splendid of Wellington's achievements, and the title of Viscount Wellington, of Talavera and of Wellington, in the county of Somerset, was bestowed upon him by a grateful sovereign.

But there was still a cruel faction at home which endeavoured to injure him in the public estimation, and even the city of London presented a petition to have the war discontinued, in which, to their disgrace, they accused him of "rashness, ostentation, and useless valour!"

Had Wellington, in the midst of his glorious career, been as mindful of human praise as most men are, he would have resigned his command, and retired heart-sick with the ingratitude of those to whom he had devoted his life.

"I act," he says, "with a sword hanging over me, which will fall upon me, whatever may be the result of affairs here; but they may do what they please; I shall not give up the game here, so long as it can be played."*

And "in a determination to risk at once his popularity, military renown, and chances of glory, rather than either abandon his duty or deviate from the plan by which he saw it could alone be discharged, the brightest page in the career of Wellington is to be found."†

Ninety thousand French soon after combined their forces, and Soult resolved to make another

* Despatches.

† Alison.

attempt to crush the English ; but his counsel was mercifully overruled, and Wellington determined to withdraw his army into Portugal, and to form an impregnable line of intrenchments, by which he might completely shut out the invader.

The Spaniards, at length aroused to some sense of their obligations to the English commander, offered to make him captain-general of their army. He accepted the appointment, provided it met with the approbation of the King of England ; but, on this and every other occasion, strenuously refused to receive any remuneration for his services from any one but his own sovereign. The idea of his leaving Spain, and abandoning them to their enemies, filled them with alarm, though they had hitherto treated him with marked neglect, refused supplies of food to his troops, abandoned the wounded in the hospitals to the mercy of the French, from whom they received the most generous treatment, and the kindest sympathy.

Sickness at this time had greatly weakened the English army, and Lord Wellington resolved for a time to take up his quarters in Badajos, in order to recruit them. He could not take the field with such undisciplined armies as those of the Spaniards.

He says : " It is impossible to calculate upon any operation with these troops. It is said, that sometimes they behave well ; though I acknowledge that I have never seen them behave otherwise than

ill. . . . Nearly 2000 ran off in the evening of the battle of Talavera, not one hundred yards from where I was standing, who were neither attacked nor threatened with an attack; and who were frightened only by the noise of their own fire.”*

No wonder, then, that in various battles in which the Spaniards were engaged with the French about this time, they were constantly beaten; leaving the enemy enriched with their arms, cannon, and provisions. The state of the Spanish armies is thus described by Wellington:—


“We are mistaken, if we believe that what these Portuguese and Spanish armies require is discipline, properly so called. They want the habits and spirit of soldiers; the habits of command on one side, and of obedience on the other; mutual confidence between officers and men; and, above all, a determination in the superiors to obey the spirit of the orders they receive, let what will be the consequence; and the spirit to tell the *true* cause, if they do not.”

We now come to one of the most trying periods in the life of Lord Wellington. Sickness seized his army, and he himself, for a time, was unable to mount his horse. At home all was mistrust; around him nothing but discouragement; and before him, the power of his great enemy in recruited vigour.

* Despatches.

None but he could have had the moral courage at this time, to resolve to cease from all offensive measures, and to turn his whole energies to the construction of a line of defence along the borders of Portugal, which should set at defiance the power of France; entirely defend Lisbon; keep open the navigation of the Tagus, and thus preserve an unfettered communication with England by means of her ships. To accomplish this vast design, he left the camp for a time, in order to make a personal survey of every spot, and to examine into the resources of the country for carrying his plan into execution; and this mighty work which had occupied his thoughts for months previously, Wellington was enabled finally to complete, and to perfect a scheme, which has no parallel in the history of nations.

Having arranged everything to his satisfaction, he marched his army again to the Mondego, dividing the English and Portuguese troops into two portions, the one to guard the north, the other the south of Portugal; and so admirably arranged, that Wellington could at any time concentrate an army of 40,000 men if necessary, to meet an attack from the enemy. The French were now devastating Spain, and had only failed in one attempt—that of the siege of Cadiz. Napoleon had confided the care of his army there to Massena, a distinguished general, whom he called “the favourite child of victory.” Wellington’s firmness was put at this



time to a bitter trial. The French attacked Ciudad Rodrigo, and it was within his reach; it looked to him for defence; but his unerring judgment told him it would be to accomplish a small end, at the risk of losing a much greater; and, Fabian-like, he bore calumny and reproach rather than sacrifice what he saw to be his duty. And this firmness of purpose it has since been proved was the means of saving Portugal, and finally, Europe. His own words best describe the spirit in which he received the rebukes which assailed him on all sides:—


“With respect,” he says, “to the blame which will be transferred to us for the misfortunes which there is reason to apprehend will be the result of these operations, I am too much accustomed to receive blame for the actions of others, to feel much concern upon the subject; and I can only endeavour not to deserve any for my own.”*

Ciudad Rodrigo fell before Massena; but as the victorious army advanced, they encountered General Craufurd on the banks of the Coa. A sharp action ensued, in which the English, by desperate courage, succeeded in defending the passage across the river, and so cutting off the advance of the French. Massena then besieged and took Almeida. This disaster occasioned great discontent, both in Lisbon and Oporto, and gave rise to further mistrust at home of the ulterior plans of

* Despatches.

the English commander. He was, nevertheless, so satisfied that he was right, that he stood firm as a rock against all clamours from whatever quarter they came. George III., who had always been his friend and supporter, was now disabled, by severe illness, from carrying on the government of England, which devolved on the Prince of Wales, who took the title of Prince Regent, and who reigned afterwards under the title of George IV. He was under the guidance of evil counsellors, and for a time thwarted the plans of Wellington. The conduct of many of the officers in the British army often grieved their commander. They wrote home to their friends in England details of the plans he was carrying out. These reports were imprudently printed in the English newspapers; and through this means made known in France; so that Napoleon was frequently able to counteract his operations through the misconduct of his own men.

But the defence of Portugal was not to be carried on uninterruptedly. The French advanced under Ney and Regnier, with a force amounting to 40,000 men. Wellington and Hill resolved to oppose them, and formed at Busaco. Massena commanded that battle should not be given, until he had united his army with those of the other marshals. This delay enabled the English generals to take up an impregnable position on the heights of the Sierra de Busaco. The battle was desperately fought on both sides, but terminated in a



complete victory on the part of the English ; the results of which were incalculable, as it restored confidence both to the English and Portuguese armies. Though victory was most cheering to Wellington, yet it never made him confident ; he knew too well the changes that happen in all human things. He thus speaks on the subject :—

“ God Almighty does not give ‘ the race to the swift, nor the battle to the strong ;’ and I have fought battles enough to know that, even under the best arrangements, the result of any one is not certain.”*

Massena would not still abandon the hope of cutting off the English army. In order to prevent their advance, Wellington issued a proclamation, commanding the Portuguese to waste the country, quit their towns, and carry off everything which could enable the enemy to subsist his army ; yet he was not unmindful of the sufferings to which the people would necessarily be exposed ; and he wrote to England, begging that efforts might be made for their relief.

“ Upon former occasions,” he says, “ the wealthy inhabitants of Great Britain, and of London in particular, have stepped forward to assist and relieve the distresses of foreign nations ; whether suffering under calamities inflicted by Providence, or by a cruel and powerful enemy. This nation has before received the benefit of the charitable disposi-

* Despatches.

tion of his majesty's subjects, and there never was a case in which their assistance was required in a greater degree, whether the sufferings of the people, or their fidelity to the cause they have espoused, and their attachment to his majesty's subjects be considered. I declare that I have scarcely known an instance in which any person in Portugal, even of the lowest order, has had communication with the enemy inconsistent with his duty to his own sovereign, or with the orders he had received. I would, therefore, beg leave to recommend the unfortunate portion of the inhabitants who have suffered from the enemy's invasion to your Lordship's protection; and I request you to consider of the mode of recommending them to the benevolent disposition of his majesty's subjects, at the moment which, I hope, may not be far distant, that the enemy may be under the necessity of evacuating the country." —October 27th, 1810.

Wellington quietly withdrew his forces into winter-quarters behind the impregnable barriers he had spent a year in constructing, the importance of which was now clearly perceived. The lines of Torres Vedras, as this wonderful set of fortifications was called, consisted of a triple line of redoubts, one within another. The inner one, which protected Lisbon, where there was a weak

* Despatches.

point of defence, was commanded by six forts, and terminated on the Tagus, so that an unbroken communication could be kept up with the English navy. Fifty-nine redoubts were formed on the second line, and guarded the mountain passes and roads; enormous fortifications being also raised on the tops of the mountains, overlooking the plains below. Barriers of loose stones were raised, in some places sixteen feet thick, and forty high; and, at one vulnerable point, a breast-work was formed of full-grown trees, torn up by the roots; each of which had to be dragged some hundred yards; and these again were fortified behind. The triple line of this enormous defence extended twenty-five miles. In some places rivers had to be dammed up, in order to flood the valleys: roads were cut across mountains, and telegraphs erected from one end of the route to the other, to facilitate communication. Fifty thousand trees were used in this work, and both the English and Portuguese kept constantly labouring, till the whole was completed.

On the 8th of October, the army began to enter the lines of Torres Vedras; and by the 16th, all were safely placed in their quarters. The security of the Allies was now so complete—for Wellington had provided ample stores of food, and supplies of everything they could need—that he gave his soldiers leave to amuse themselves with field sports, or in any way that would keep them

fresh for service, as soon as they were wanted. Massena found, too late, that all attempts to dislodge the army were vain. Coimbra, which he had taken, was seized by Trant, and all the French there were made prisoners. For six weeks Massena remained at bay on the outside of the lines of Lisbon, and if Lord Wellington's commands had been obeyed, they would not have had provisions for a week. Yet at this very moment both the Portuguese at Lisbon, and the opposition party at home, were loading their noble general with abuse, and weakening his efforts by mistrust. But his courage and constancy never failed; he saw what inferior men could not comprehend,—that his plan was the only right one. It was his duty to stand by it; and sooner or later he trusted that this would be proved beyond a doubt. At last, success crowned his long endeavours. Massena could sustain his army no longer, and he reluctantly retreated; but so cautiously did he make all his movements, that Wellington doubted whether it was a feint, to draw him from his impregnable position, or whether he really meant to quit the soil of Portugal. When he reached Torres Novas, he took up a strong position there; and it was necessary to watch him narrowly, to prevent the junction of any other army with his. Massena did everything he could to provoke a battle; but the British commander was determined, in his far-seeing judgment, to risk his reputation on avoiding

one. Orders were now sent to Massena, not to fight till he had a strong reinforcement. Meanwhile, the Spaniards were again and again defeated; one large army under Mendizabal was totally routed, and Soult advanced to Badajoz and invested it. An engagement took place at Barrossa, between Victor and General Graham, in which the former met with a signal defeat; but the Spaniards acted with their usual cowardice and treachery, and afterwards declared that the whole success of the battle was owing to their efforts. This falsehood so excited Wellington's indignation, that he wrote, "Can such a people be saved? Are they worth saving?"* And yet he was doomed to suffer from the disgust excited in England by their misconduct. He had the greatest difficulty in convincing the government that the question was not the deliverance of Spain only, but the general safety of Europe, which could only be secured by diverting the storm of war from the north to the south, and so dividing Napoleon's forces as to prevent any attack upon England. Writing home, he says:—"I say that the country has not a choice, between army and no army, between peace or war. They must have a large and efficient army—one capable of meeting the enemy abroad, or they must expect to meet him at home, and then farewell to all considerations of measures of greater or lesser expense, and to the ease, the security, and happiness of England. God

* Despatches.

forbid that I should see the day on which hostile armies should contend within the United Kingdom; but I am very certain that I shall not only see that day, but shall be a party in the contest, unless we alter our system, and the public feel in time the real nature of the contest in which we are at present engaged, and determine to meet its expense.”*

And again he says,—“From what I have seen of the objects of the French government, and the sacrifices they make to accomplish them, I have no doubt that if the British army were for any reason to withdraw from the Peninsula, and the French government were delivered from the pressure of military operations on the continent, they would incur all risks to land an army in his majesty’s dominions. Then, indeed, would commence an expensive contest; then would his majesty’s subjects discover what are the miseries of war, of which, by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge; and the cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country, and the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations. God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor, in the scene.”*

Yet, even at this perplexing point in his history, Wellington was able to look with hope to the result; and to say,—“Upon the whole, I entertain

* Despatches.

no doubt of the final success of the measures which I am carrying on; and at all events I am certain that they are the only measures which can be entirely successful."*

The Spaniards had, nevertheless, to give one more disgraceful proof of their cowardice. Badajos, an important and very strong fortress in the south of Spain, was garrisoned by 8000 men, and was besieged by Soult. It was held by Imaz. Wellington was marching to its relief, of which Imaz was aware. The French, finding it impossible to take the place by force of arms, bribed the governor, who treacherously sold Badajos to the enemy, and marched out with his garrison; even the French expressing marked contempt of his baseness; but his own government allowed him to escape unpunished.

Affairs in Portugal began to wear a brighter aspect. On March 5th, 1811, Massena's retreat commenced in earnest, the British army following quickly after him, in several skirmishes defeated his troops, and made many prisoners, and turned the tide of war completely from Upper Beira, forcing the enemy to take a route in which their retreat would be greatly impeded. The cruelties practised by the French on the inhabitants of the towns through which they passed are too horrible to be detailed here. They also destroyed some of the finest buildings in the north

* Despatches.

of Spain, the loss of which was irreparable. In another direction Ney was pursued with equal vigour, and an engagement took place at Fuente de Murcella, in which the French sustained great losses. Massena also, narrowly escaped being made prisoner.

Yet the difficulties endured by the British army were very great, for the French plundered wherever they went; and Wellington strictly enforced his orders, that his troops should take nothing from the inhabitants but what they paid for; and the Portuguese were so careless in sending supplies, that for days the army was in absolute want of provisions.

The beautiful arrangements of the British general in this pursuit, continually intercepting the movements of the enemy as he drove them before him, can only be properly appreciated by those who understand the art of war.

In the mean time dissensions arose in the French camp, between the generals, in consequence of which Napoleon deprived Ney of his command. Soon after this, a battle took place on the banks of the river Coa, in which the British completely routed the enemy, dispossessed them of their position on that river, and cut off their communication with their other armies.

The battle was fought at Sabugal, and though at one time the English were engaged in most unequal numbers with the enemy, yet the result

proved their indomitable bravery. Lord Wellington says :—

“We have given the French a handsome dressing, and I think they will not say again that we are not a manœuvring army; we may not manœuvre so beautifully as they do, but I do not desire better sport than to meet one of their columns *en masse* with our lines.”

The result of this signal defeat was the total evacuation of Portugal by the French; and those multitudes of heretofore invincible soldiers, who had crossed the Pyrenees with the confident assurance of ‘driving the English into the sea,’ had to retreat, vanquished, to their own country, followed by their despised opponents. Wellington then issued the following proclamation to the Portuguese :—

“ *Proclamation.*

“ *10th April, 1811.*

“The Portuguese nation are informed that the cruel enemy who had invaded Portugal, and had devastated their country, have been obliged to evacuate it, after suffering great losses, and have retired across the Agueda. The inhabitants of the country are, therefore, at liberty to return to their occupations.

“Nearly four years have now elapsed since the tyrant of Europe invaded Portugal with a powerful army. The cause of this invasion was not self-

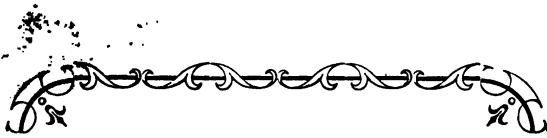
defence; it was not to seek revenge for insults offered or injuries done by the benevolent sovereign of this kingdom; it was not even the ambitious desire of augmenting his own political power, as the Portuguese government had, without resistance, yielded to all the demands of the tyrant: but the object was, the insatiable desire of plunder; the wish to disturb the tranquillity and to enjoy the riches of a people who had passed nearly half a century in peace. . . .

“Those countries which have submitted to the tyranny, have not been better treated than those which have resisted. The inhabitants have lost all their possessions; their families have been dishonoured; their laws overturned; their religion destroyed; and, above all, they have deprived themselves of the honour of manly resistance to the oppressor of which the people of Portugal have given so signal and so successful an example.

“The marshal-general, however, considers it his duty, in announcing the intelligence of the result of the last invasion, to warn the people of Portugal that, although the danger is removed, it is not entirely gone by. They have something to lose, and the tyrant will endeavour to plunder them. They are happy under the mild government of a beneficent sovereign, and he will endeavour to destroy their happiness; they have successfully resisted him, and he will endeavour to force them to submit to his iron yoke. They should be unre-

mitting in their preparations for decided and steady resistance. Those capable of bearing arms should learn the use of them; and those whose age or sex renders them unfit to bear arms, should fix upon places of security and concealment, and should make all the arrangements for their easy removal to them, when the moment of danger shall approach. Valuable property, which tempts the avarice of the tyrant and his followers, and is the great object of their invasion, should be carefully buried beforehand, each individual concealing his own, and thus not trusting to the weakness of others to keep a secret in which they may not be interested.

“Measures should be taken to conceal or destroy provisions which cannot be removed, and every thing which contributes to facilitate the enemy’s progress, for this may be depended upon, that the enemy’s troops seize upon every thing, and leave nothing for the owner. By these measures, whatever may be the superiority of numbers which the desire of plunder and of revenge may induce, and his power may enable the tyrant again to invade this country, the result will be certain, and the independence of Portugal and the happiness of its inhabitants will be finally established, to their eternal honour.”



CHAPTER IV.

Siege of Badajos—Battle of Fuentes d'Onoro—Battle of Albuera—Blockade of Badajos—Battle of Arroyo de Molinas—Anecdotes—Siege of Tarifa—Siege of Ciudad Rodrigo—Its Capture—Siege of Badajos resumed—Benevolence to the Portuguese—Fall of Badajos—Fort Napoleon taken—Battle of Salamanca—Flight of Joseph Bonaparte—Madrid surrenders—Proclamation—Siege of Burgos—Siege abandoned—Retreat to Ciudad Rodrigo—Madrid again falls into the Hands of the French—Winter Quarters—Visit to Cadiz and Lisbon.

AFTER giving some rest to his troops Lord Wellington ordered Sir William Beresford to lay siege to Badajos. Massena continued to occupy Ciudad Rodrigo with the 35,000 men who remained to him out of the 65,000 whom he had brought with him from France. Here he was reinforced with 19,000 men, so that the English army, which consisted only of 32,000 infantry and 1500 cavalry, was far inferior in numbers. Massena resolved to besiege Almeida, and in order to prevent this step Wellington determined to risk a battle, and chose so advantageous a position in the villages of Almeida and Fuentes d'Oñoro, that the French were in danger of being driven into the Agueda. Nevertheless the inequality of numbers was so great, that nothing but the matchless bravery of the men,

and the unrivalled skill of their commander, could have made the battle of Fuentes d'Oñoro a fresh triumph to the arms of England. It was furiously fought on both sides, and the victors confidently hoped to have renewed it the following day; but Massena, fearing another defeat, retreated with his whole army, and through the neglect of the orders of Lord Wellington, the enemy was allowed to escape from Almieda. The Portuguese government was as jealous and mistrustful of his measures as was that at home, so that his plans were continually frustrated by their want of confidence and ingratitude.

Beresford, who was besieging Badajos, abandoned the attempt in consequence of the advance of Soult, wishing, if possible, both to prevent a junction between his force and another body of French who were coming up; and to attack him in the mean time. Unfortunately, part of his dependence was on a Spanish corps, under the command of Blake, who had often already proved himself unworthy of trust. Lord Wellington says, "We do what we please now with the Portuguese troops; we manœuvre them under fire equally with our own, and have some dependence on them, but these Spaniards can do nothing but stand still; and we consider ourselves fortunate if they do not run away."* The place chosen for the battle was the village of Albuera. In the commencement of the action the

* Despatches.

French gained a signal advantage, owing to some error in the arrangement of the English troops. Soult availed himself to the utmost of this circumstance, so that at one time the cause of the Allies seemed hopeless; for the want of obedience and discipline in the Spaniards endangered even those who fought with them. Hardinge and Beresford led on their troops with the most undaunted bravery, and equal courage was displayed on the part of the enemy. The desperation of both sides could not be exceeded; but victory at length declared for the Allies. On both sides the loss of officers and men was dreadful; that of the French amounted to 8000 men, and some of them the bravest in their army. The village of Albuera was utterly destroyed by the enemy, and the sufferings of the wounded during the tempestuous night which followed the battle, were too harrowing to describe.

Two instances are recorded of the devoted bravery of the standard-bearers on that day. One being surrounded by the French, refused to yield up his charge, but with his life; and was immediately killed. Another, seeing the peril his flag was in, tore it from its staff, and hid it in his bosom, where it was found in safety, when his wounds were dressed. When Wellington heard the particulars of the battle, he wrote: "You will have heard of the marshal's action on the 16th. The fighting was desperate, and the loss of the

British has been very severe. But, adverting to the nature of the contest, and the manner in which they held their ground, against all the efforts the whole French army could make against them—notwithstanding all the losses which they had sustained, I think this action one of the most glorious and honourable to the character of the troops, of any that has been fought during the war.”* The battle of Albuera took place on May 15, 1811. The next morning Soult retreated hastily, and his wounded fell into the hands of the English. Three hundred English prisoners, who had been placed in a convent, undermined the walls—effected their escape, and soon after rejoined the army.

Though little progress seemed to be made in driving the French from Spain, yet he who had devoted his life to this work never despaired of its accomplishment. On the 23rd of May he wrote from Elvas, to Lord Liverpool: “I am glad to hear such good accounts of affairs in the north. God send that they may prove true, and that we may overthrow this disgusting tyranny. However, of this I am very certain, that whether true or not at present, something of the kind must occur before long: and if we can only hold out, we shall yet see the world relieved.”* Yet, at the same time, he said, speaking of the Spaniards and Portuguese: “In addition to embarrassments of all descriptions,

* Despatches.

surrounding us on all sides, I have to contend with an ancient enmity between these two nations, which is more like that of cat and dog than anything else, of which no sense of common danger, or common interest, or anything can get the better even in individuals."* "Portugal," he says, in another place, "requiring the assistance of an army to defend the country, the Portuguese must submit to the inconvenience of having officers and soldiers billeted on their houses; and I only hope they do not believe we quit our houses in England for the *pleasure* of being billeted on them in Portugal." "We are not only defraying all the expense, but our soldiers are the labourers, who execute them. This is what is called Spanish enthusiasm!"*

The siege of Badajos was immediately resumed; but the advance of another French army, and the want of all ordnance stores and battering trains, decided Lord Wellington on turning it into a blockade, and marching north, with a view to carrying out similar operations against Ciudad Rodrigo, and cutting of all supplies from it. He established his posts at Fuente Guinaldo. These were vigorously attacked on September 25th, by a large body of French, who were gallantly repulsed by the English and Portuguese; the latter on this occasion showed great bravery and conduct. Seeing that his own army was out-numbered by that of

* Despatches.

the enemy, Wellington during the night quietly withdrew them into cantonments; and gave up for the time the blockade of Rodrigo.

On the 26th, Marmont quietly reviewed his army, consisting of 60,000 men, in the sight of the British, who earnestly longed for another encounter. The situation of Wellington was one of such peril that the bravest heart might have been daunted by it; but his firmness never yielded, and when a Spanish general said to him, "Why, here are you, with a couple of weak divisions in front of the whole French army, and you seem quite at your ease; why it is enough to put any man in a fever;" "I have done according to the best of my judgment all that could be done," he replied; "therefore, I care not either for the enemy in front, or for anything which they may say at home." *

The guerrilla parties were still in active operation, and one of them at this time, which was hovering about Ciudad Rodrigo, watched the opportunity of the governor's going out of the city, made him prisoner, and carried him to the camp of the English commander, by whom he was treated with marked kindness and consideration.

General Hill, who had been left to direct the blockade of Badajos, achieved a brilliant victory at this time at Arroyo de Molinos, over a large body of the enemy. Learning that they were encamped in that town, he laid his plans so secretly, that part

* Sherer.

of his army marched in and drove the French before them, ere they were aware of their approach. On this occasion, General Murillo, a Spaniard, so heartily co-operated with Hill, as to give important help, not only in the attack, but in the pursuit of the fugitives. It was a most spirited and successful affair, at a very small cost to the Allies, whilst the loss to the French was enormous. General Hill, in writing an account of the action to Lord Wellington, says, "The ultimate consequences of these operations I need not point out to your lordship; their immediate result is the capture of one general of cavalry (Brun), one colonel of cavalry (the Prince d'Aremberg), one lieutenant-colonel, one aide-de-camp of General Girard, two lieutenant-colonels, one commissaire des guerres, thirty captains and inferior officers, and upwards of 1000 men, already sent off under an escort to Portalegre; the whole of the enemy's artillery, baggage, and commissariat; some magazines of corn, which he had collected at Carceres and Merida, and the contribution of money which he had collected in the former town, besides the total dispersion of General Girard's corps. The loss of the enemy in killed must also have been severe, whilst that on our side was comparatively trifling."

"Since writing the above report, a good many more prisoners have been made, and I doubt not but the whole will amount to 1300, or 1400. Brigadier-General Murillo has just returned from the pur-

suit of the dispersed, whom he followed for eight leagues. He reports that besides those killed in the plains, upwards of 600 dead were found in the woods and mountains."

The success of his generals was as gratifying to their brave commander as his own, and he never failed to express this in the warmest manner. On this occasion he wrote thus to the Earl of Liverpool: "It would be particularly agreeable to me, if some mark of the favour of H. R. H. the Prince Regent were conferred upon General Hill; his services have been always meritorious, and distinguished in this country, and he is beloved by the whole army.

"In recommending him, as I do most anxiously, I really feel that there is no officer to whom an act of grace and favour would be received by the army with more satisfaction than on General Hill."*

In reply to this request, the order of the Bath was conferred by the Prince Regent on General Hill.

Not only his officers, but his sick soldiers, experienced the constant kindness of Lord Wellington. Often when his men were sleeping, he was passing from one sick ward of the hospitals to another, to see that every attention was paid to them. The following anecdote is related by Lieutenant Eyma, who served during the Peninsular war.

An old Spanish chateau had been turned into an hospital after one of the battles, and was committed to the joint charge of a captain, of himself, and that

* Despatches.

of several surgeons. One afternoon they were just sitting down to dinner, when Lord Wellington entered and said, "Captain, I will thank you to take me to your chamber." "We had no sooner entered it," says Lieutenant Eyma, "than he turned round and said with a sternness I shall never forget: 'Captain, I am greatly displeased to find that you, an English officer entrusted with the care of the wounded in this hospital, should have appropriated to your own use the most airy and spacious apartment in the whole building. I desire, sir, that you give it up to the invalids this very night, and remember, if on any future occasion I shall come to know of your discharging your duty in this inconsiderate manner, I shall send you home to England as unfit to serve his majesty.' He had rode thirty-two miles for no other purpose than to see that his poor soldiers were well attended to. This true tale would probably never have been made public, except I had told it. Characteristic of the man, it seemed to me an answer to the few 'puny whipsters,' who would derogate from his noble nature, by implications that he was wanting in those kindly feelings which adorn even the sternest warrior. Setting aside his mighty achievements, his whole career seems to teach mankind that useful lesson, that true benignity lies not in the indulgence and gratification of morbid feelings, but in personal abnegation and benevolent activity.'"*

* Illustrated News.

About this time Ballasteros, a Spanish general, totally defeated a body of French whom he attacked. Laval then undertook the siege of Tarifa, but it was so bravely defended by the English, that after suffering severe losses he was obliged to retire, leaving a number of wounded men whom he could not carry off to the care of the conquerors, by whom they were treated with the greatest humanity. The French were so fully engaged in these encounters, that Wellington had taken advantage of the interval, to collect a large supply of artillery and battering trains that he might resume the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. It was a place of great strength originally, but the French had much improved and added to its fortifications, and it was well garrisoned and provisioned. Lord Wellington erected batteries in various places around the walls in order to make breaches by which the troops might enter. Having at last effected this purpose, and seized the convent of Francisco, they desired the garrison to surrender, which they stoutly refused to do. Marmont was hastening to relieve the place, and there was no time to be lost in pressing the siege. The coolness and determination of the English commander were never more shown than at this crisis. He seated himself on one of the ramparts, and wrote an order for the assault, beginning with the words, "The attack upon Ciudad Rodrigo must be made this evening

at seven o'clock." He then in the clearest manner appointed exactly what each regiment must do; how and where they were to enter; what tools each man was to carry with him; even the different lengths of the ladders were specified which the separate detachments were to take with them; and the exact moment at which each party was to begin its work. The desperate resolution of the besiegers defied the brave resistance of the garrison within, who were finally obliged to surrender. So admirable were the arrangements for this siege, that the city, which should have held out for twenty-four days, was taken in eleven; and Marmont would hardly believe that it had fallen when the intelligence reached him. Eighty officers and 1500 men were made prisoners; 110 mounted guns, and all the artillery and battering train, in which the British had hitherto been so deficient, fell into their hands. The great importance of this achievement could hardly be overrated, as well as the conviction forced upon the minds of the French of the dauntless courage of their foes.

This unrivalled feat of war called forth the gratitude of the allied powers, and Lord Wellington was created Marquis of Torres Vedras by the Portuguese, Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo by the Spaniards, and Earl of Wellington by the Prince R^ègent. With these foreign titles £17,000 a year was offered, but was steadily refused by the English

commander, who said, "He had only done his duty to his country, and to his country alone he would look for his reward."

The French had drawn together a grand army of 45,000 men, when they heard of the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; but finding that they were too late to save it they withdrew their troops. The charge of this important citadel was committed to Castaños, whilst Wellington marched to Elvas, in order to prosecute the siege of Badajos. The French had put the garrison in great efficiency; they had compelled such of the inhabitants as were useless to quit the place, and Baron Phillipon, the governor, had fortified every vulnerable point. To meet the difficulties the English had to encounter every nerve was strained. "We have to contend," says Wellington, "with the consequences of the faults of some, the treachery of others, and the folly and vanity of all."* Added to his other embarrassments, the dastardly Spaniards declared that if Marmont advanced they should be obliged to surrender Ciudad Rodrigo, and to prevent this a large supply of money had to be given up to strengthen its fortifications. Yet with all this labour on his hands, and being constantly employed in pushing forward the siege of Badajos, Wellington found time to inquire into and relieve the wants of the poor. He had written, as we know, previously to beg that subscriptions might be raised in England

* Despatches.

to supply the sufferers with necessaries, and in reply to this appeal 15,000 dollars were collected and placed at his disposal. In order to dispose of this sum in such a manner as to give real help to the Portuguese, he consulted all the curates of the different towns, and also the Bishop of Pinhel on the subject, and thinking that the mere distribution of money would afford no permanent relief, he decided on purchasing 276 bullocks and distributing them amongst the most needy, that they might gain a livelihood by bringing supplies to the troops, and by restoring agriculture in the district. He wrote a long letter on the subject, entering into all the details of his plan. "At the same time, if those entitled to the use of the bullocks should not be in possession of seed corn, or should not be inclined to make use of them, they would acquire a profit by selling their right to the use of the bullocks, to the more wealthy proprietors."*

On the 17th March, 1812, the ground was first broken to carry on the siege, undiscovered by the enemy in consequence of the stormy weather, and on April 6th Badajos was taken by storm. The bravery both of the defenders and assailants could not be surpassed, and awful scenes of destruction followed the efforts of both. The dreadful darkness was frequently lighted up by the discharge of rockets and the explosion of mines. At one time the odds were fearfully against the British. The scene is

* Despatches.

thus described:—"At last a mounted officer rode up; he was the bearer of evil tidings. The attack upon the breaches had failed; the majority of the officers had fallen; the men, left without leaders to direct them, were straggling about the ditch, and unless instant assistance was sent the assault must fail entirely. Pale, but thoroughly undisturbed, the British general heard the disastrous communication, and issued orders to send forward a fresh brigade (Hay's) to the breaches. Half an hour passed, and another officer appeared. He came from Picton, to say the castle had been carried by escalade, and that the third division were safe within the town."* At two different points the town was simultaneously taken, and 4700 French fell into the hands of the victors. The loss of the latter was very great. "When the extent of the night's havoc was made known to Lord Wellington the firmness of his nature gave way for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers."†

Had the Spaniards been trustworthy, more rapid progress might now have been made; but prudence dictated that no step should be taken in advance till all was secure behind.

The troops felt their power, and longed for fresh opportunities of displaying it. Yet, after these brilliant achievements, there were still influential men at home trying to undermine the great

* Victories of the British Armies.

† Napier.

general, to cripple his efforts, and thus to strengthen the hands of the common enemy.

Happily about this time a change of ministry took place, and Lord Liverpool, who had always promoted the war, was called to office.

Lord Hill was vigorously pursuing the work assigned to him, and at this time accomplished some brilliant exploits by taking two forts on the Tagus, which were strongly placed and defended. One of these forts was named Napoleon, and its fall ominously predicted that of the emperor. Hill totally destroyed the works and the bridges, by which he cut off all communication between the armies of Soult and Marmont, who were advancing to unite their forces.

This affair gave great satisfaction to Lord Wellington. He thus communicates it to Lord Liverpool:—"I have the honour to enclose Sir R. Hill's report of this brilliant exploit, and I beg leave to draw your lordship's attention to the difficulties with which he had to contend, as well from the nature of the country as from the works which the enemy had constructed, and to the ability and characteristic qualities displayed by Lieut.-General Sir R. Hill in persevering in the line, and confining himself to the objects chalked out by his instructions, notwithstanding the various obstacles opposed to his progress. I have nothing to add to Lieut.-General Hill's report of the conduct of the officers and troops under his command, excepting

to express my concurrence in all he says in their praise. Too much cannot be said of the brave officers and troops who took by storm, without the assistance of cannon, such works as the enemy's forts on both banks of the Tagus, fully garrisoned and in good order, and defended by 18 pieces of artillery." *

The next decisive step taken by Wellington was to cross the Tormes, and march towards Salamanca in Leon. This was one of the most celebrated cities in Spain. It contained a university so famed for its learning that at one time it numbered 15,000 students, both natives and foreigners. Its churches and monasteries, which were numerous, were distinguished by the beauty of their architecture. Many of these had been recklessly destroyed by the French. Marmont, who was quartered in Salamanca, quitted it on the approach of the English army, who entered the city in triumph. "It is impossible," says Lord Wellington, "to describe the joy of the people of the town upon our entrance. They have now been suffering for more than three years, during which time the French, among other acts of violence and oppression, have destroyed 13 out of 25 convents, and 22 of 25 colleges, which existed in this celebrated seat of learning." *

Several convents had been turned into forts, which commanded the opposite bank of the river.

* Despatches.

These were immediately assaulted, and held out bravely, whilst Marmont advanced to their relief, having increased his army to 40,000 men. This was a moment of intense anxiety for the British commander. All that night he slept on the bare ground, sharing the privations of his soldiers, only wrapped up in his cloak ; but one of his men, seeing the general thus exposed to the treacherous weather, stretched a blanket over him, supporting it by sticks for a shelter. In the morning the English prepared for battle ; but it was avoided by Marmont. The two commanding forts of La Merced and Cayetano were then taken by assault. "The enemy," says Wellington, "had been employed for nearly three years in constructing these works, but with increased activity for the last eight or nine months. A large expense had been incurred, and these works sufficiently garrisoned by about 800 men, and armed with 30 pieces of artillery, were of a nature to render it quite impossible to take them, excepting by a regular attack ; and it is obvious that the enemy relied upon their strength, and upon their being sufficiently garrisoned and armed, as they left in St. Vicente large depots of clothing and military stores of every description." * Marmont hearing of this event withdrew his forces till he had greatly increased their number. He then again advanced, and threatened more than once to give battle. Wellington, with

* Despatches.

his wonted caution, determined not to hazard a general engagement, except upon a spot chosen by himself for the purpose; but, having learnt on the 21st that General Chauvel was coming to reinforce Marmont, he resolved to bring things to a crisis before his arrival.

Salamanca was surrounded by hills called the Arapiles; this commanding position each army wished to secure. The French seized the post, but were afterwards dislodged by the valour of the British. After a most desperate battle, the French were utterly routed, and but for the darkness of the night, which aided their precipitate flight, hardly any would have escaped.

They fled ten leagues before morning, and were still pursued by the conquerors. "It is impossible," says Lord Wellington, "to form a conjecture of the amount of the enemy's loss in this action; but from all reports it is very considerable; we have taken from them eleven pieces of cannon (the official returns only account for eleven, but it is believed that twenty have fallen into our hands); besides ammunition waggons, two eagles and six colours; and one general, three colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, 130 officers of inferior rank, and between 6000 and 7000 soldiers are prisoners; and our detachments are sending in more at every moment. The number of dead on the field is very large. I am informed that Marshal Marmont is badly wounded, and has lost

one of his arms, and that four general officers have been killed, and several wounded. Such an advantage could not have been acquired without a material loss on our side, but it certainly has not been of a magnitude to distress the army or to cripple its operations. The relation which I have written of these events will give a general idea of the share which each individual had in them, and I cannot say too much in praise of the conduct of every individual in his station.”*

“I hope you will be pleased with our battle, of which the despatch contains as accurate an account as I can give you. There was no mistake, everything went on as it ought, and there never was an army so beaten in so short a time. If we had had another hour or two of daylight, not a man would have passed the Tormes.” Thus ended the glorious battle of Salamanca; the face of affairs in Spain was rapidly changing; events in the north of Europe at the same time additionally perplexed the Emperor Napoleon.

“I am much obliged to you,” Wellington writes, “for the intelligence from the north. If the Emperor of Russia has any resources and is prudent, and his Russians will really fight, Bonaparte will not succeed.”*

The results of the battle of Salamanca were soon seen in the determination of Lord Wellington to march at once to Madrid. The advance of the

* Despatches.

Allies struck terror into Joseph Bonaparte, who, having consulted Jourdan as to the best steps to be taken to avert the danger, finally determined on flight, and with his whole court, consisting of 20,000 people and 3000 carriages, with all the riches they could carry off, quitted Madrid. Before the main body of the allied army reached the capital, a slight skirmish took place between the enemy and the Portuguese advanced guard, through whose misconduct it terminated in favour of the former.

At noon, on the 12th, Wellington entered the capital, and the French garrison withdrew to the Retiro, a sort of summer palace belonging to the Spanish monarchs, which the French had turned into a fortification, as well as La China, a manufactory of china, which was inclosed within its precincts. Lord Wellington thus relates the account of their entry. "It is impossible to describe the joy manifested by the inhabitants of Madrid upon our arrival, and I hope that the prevalence of the same sentiments of detestation of the French yoke, and of a strong desire to secure the independence of their country, which first induced them to set the example of resistance to the usurper, will induce them again to make exertions in the cause of their country, which, being more wisely directed, will be more efficacious than those formerly made."* The Spanish ladies thronged the streets; welcomed the commander, and threw garlands of flowers at his feet

* Despatches.

as he passed along, pouring forth expressions of joy and adulation. Yet he adds, Madrid, August 18th, 1812: "I do not expect much from the exertions of the Spaniards, notwithstanding all that we have done for them. They cry *Viva!* and are very fond of us, and hate the French, but they are in general the most incapable of exertion of all the nations that I have known; the most vain, and at the same time the most ignorant, particularly of military affairs; and above all of military affairs in their own country. I can do nothing till General Castaños shall arrive, and I do not know where he is. I am afraid that the utmost we can hope for, is to teach them how to avoid being beat. If we can effect that object, I hope we might do the rest." *

Madrid was formerly one of the most splendid and extensive cities in Europe. A magnificent palace, called the Escorial, was built in the form of a gridiron. St. Lawrence, one of their patron saints, having been martyred on that instrument, it was constructed in memorial of him. Each front was 470 feet long, and 100 high, and the whole stood on an eminence which overlooked the country to a vast distance. In the splendid gardens which surrounded it, were curious fountains and jettes d'eaux, constructed in the time of the Romans. Some of these conveyed water by under-ground pipes, which threw it up in the form of baskets, which, when the sun played on

* Despatches.

them, looked like vast caskets of jewels. The poverty of the kings of Spain prevented their keeping up this splendored palace, and that which they occupied was a more modern structure. The English attacked the fort *La China*, and obliged it to surrender on honourable terms. It contained immense stores of arms and equipments, and two eagles, the French standards—all of which fell into their hands. Lord Wellington then issued the following proclamation:—

“ Madrid, 29th August, 1812.

“Spaniards! It is unnecessary to take up your time by recalling to your recollection the events of the last two months, or by drawing your attention to the situation in which your enemies now find themselves.

“Listen to the accounts of the numerous prisoners daily brought in, and deserters from the army; hear the details of the miseries endured by those, who trusting to the promises of the French, have followed the vagabond fortunes of the usurper, driven from the capital of your monarchy; hear these details from their servants and followers who have had the sense to quit this scene of desolation, and if the sufferings of your oppressors can soften the feeling of those inflicted upon yourselves, you will find ample cause for consolation.

“But much remains still to be done, to conso-

lidate and secure the advantages acquired. It should be clearly understood, that the pretended king is an usurper; whose authority it is the duty of every Spaniard to resist—that every Frenchman is an enemy; against whom it is the duty of every Spaniard to raise his arm.

“Spaniards! You are reminded that your enemies cannot much longer resist, they must quit your country, if you will only omit to supply their demands for provisions and money, when those demands are not enforced by superior force. Let every individual consider it his duty to do everything in his power to give no assistance to the enemy of his country; and that perfidious enemy must soon entirely abandon in disgrace, a country which he entered only for the sake of plunder, and in which he has been enabled to remain, only because the inhabitants have submitted to his mandates, and have supported his wants.

“Spaniards! resist this odious tyranny, and be independent and happy.”

Though the position of Wellington at this time seemed very prosperous, yet he was beset with difficulties with which it required the full vigour of his mind to compete. Supplies from home were still grudgingly sent; and a war, which broke out between England and America, increased the danger and difficulty of sending troops to Spain.

Whilst the French supported their armies solely by ransacking the provinces wherever they marched, Wellington would not allow his soldiers to take a thing that was not scrupulously paid for. We find constantly in the Despatches such orders as the following: "The object of these orders is, first, to ensure regularity, and that there shall be no waste; secondly, to render it certain that everybody obtains his own proportion of forage; and thirdly, to insure to the owners the value of what is taken from them."* Orders were issued for the preservation of property of every description.—"The followers of the army must be prevented from plundering the gardens and fields of vegetables."* The fruit trees were not to be cut down. The most minute directions were given respecting the food of the men, such as the following: "The commander of the forces desires that there may be issued to each soldier daily, an eighth of a pound of rice, if it can be procured; if it cannot, the same quantity of wheaten flour, or of barley, or of wheat, which the officers are requested to see that the soldiers boil up with their soup. If barley or wheat should be issued, the husk should be beat off before it is boiled." Again, "he desires that the officers will see that the men of each mess mix their spirits with four times the quantity of water, as soon as the spirits are issued by the commissary."* In the midst of such weighty affairs, all resting on him,

* Despatches.

it is wonderful how this great man could suffer nothing to escape, however minute, that could contribute to the well-being of his men.

Various engagements took place in different parts of the Peninsula, generally terminating in favour of the Allies. To prevent a threatened union of several large French armies, the British commander resolved to invest Burgos. The only wise measure the Spaniards took at this time, was the appointment of Lord Wellington, Generalissimo of their army; and he had also the order of the Golden Fleece conferred upon him. Having placed Madrid in a state of defence, the allied army marched towards Burgos; and on the 19th, the castle was invested. It was a place of very great strength, well fortified, garrisoned, and provisioned, whilst the besiegers were very destitute of proper means of attack. The Spaniards and Portuguese were disobedient and inattentive to the orders given. After a protracted siege, and much loss of life, the attempt was abandoned for a time, and the French were left in possession of the town, though part of the fortress was destroyed. From the first onset, the want of artillery led the commander to doubt of ultimate success. On the 27th September, he says: "We have a difficult job in hand—that is, to take a very strong castle; well-provided with artillery, and with a numerous garrison, without incurring a large loss of men, if possible; and without being provided with sufficient

artillery ; and without a large expenditure of ammunition ; we are getting on, however, and I hope we may succeed. But, I wish I could be a little more certain of success." *

In the midst of the overwhelming affairs which devolved on him, Lord Wellington found time to write, in addition to his regular despatches, letters of kind commiseration to the friends of those officers who fell in the war, of which the following is a specimen :—

“ Villa Torro, 11th October, 1812.

“ To Lord Somers.

“ Your son fell as he had lived, in the zealous and gallant discharge of his duty. He had already distinguished himself in the course of the operations of the attack of the castle of Burgos, to such a degree as to induce me to recommend him for promotion, and I assure your lordship that if Providence had spared him to you, he possessed acquirements, and was endowed with qualities to become one of the greatest ornaments of his profession, and to continue an honour to his family, and an advantage to his country.

*“ I have no hope that what I have above stated to your lordship, will at all tend to alleviate your affliction on this melancholy occasion ; but I could not deny myself the satisfaction of assuring you, that I was highly sensible of the merits of your son, and that I most sincerely lament his loss.” **

* Despatches.

Though the army was withdrawn from Burgos, yet the result of the whole campaign is thus spoken of by Lord Wellington: "From what I see of the newspapers, I am much afraid that the public will be disappointed at the result of the last campaign, notwithstanding that it is, in fact, the most successful campaign in all its circumstances, and has produced for the cause, more important results than any campaign in which a British army has been engaged for the last century; we have taken by siege Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, and Salamanca, and the Retiro surrendered. In the meantime, the Allies have taken Astorga, Guadalaxora, and Consuegra, besides other places taken by Durau and Sir H. Popham.

"In the months elapsed since January, this army has sent to England little short of 20,000 prisoners, and they have taken and destroyed, or have themselves the use of the enemy's arsenals, in Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Valladolid, Madrid, Astorga, Seville, the lines before Cadiz, &c.; and upon the whole we have taken and destroyed, or we now possess, little short of 3000 pieces of cannon. The siege of Cadiz has been raised, and all the countries south of the Tagus have been cleared of the enemy."*

Nevertheless, though so much was gained, dangers thickened around the British commander. Napoleon, enraged at his success, resolved to strain

* Despatches.

every nerve against him, and had reinforced the French army till it amounted again to 90,000 men; whilst that of the Allies consisted of no more than 52,000 British and Portuguese, and from 12,000 to 16,000 Spaniards, upon whom no reliance could be placed. Their want of efficiency arose from various causes, which are thus detailed in a letter to Don J. de Carvajal, Minister of War, Cadiz:—

“Freneda, 4th December, 1812.

“I am concerned to inform you that the discipline of the Spanish armies is in the very lowest state, and their efficiency is consequently much deteriorated. Neither officers nor troops having been paid for months, nay some for years, it cannot be expected that the troops should be in very good order, or that there should exist much subordination in the service.” “Not only are your armies undisciplined and inefficient, and both officers and soldiers insubordinate from want of pay, provision, clothing, and necessaries, and the consequent endurance of misery for a long period of time, but the habits of indiscipline and insubordination are such, that even those corps which have been well clothed and regularly paid by my directions, and have to my knowledge seldom if ever felt any privations for more than a year, are in as bad a state and as little to be depended upon as soldiers as the others.” *

* Despatches.

With this insufficient army it was impossible to hold Madrid, and all the other places taken by the English: the capital was therefore relinquished, and the French, under Joseph, re-entered it.

Wellington slowly retreated and took up his old position at St. Christoval in Ciudad Rodrigo, where he put his troops, who had suffered greatly from the severity of the season, into winter quarters. Those who best understand military affairs consider the retreat thus effected, when a hostile army threatened at every step to overpower and surround the English, one of the most brilliant feats in the history of the Peninsula war. Little did the enemy anticipate that this time of repose was to fit the British army for overthrowing in the next campaign the power of Napoleon. The wisdom displayed by the British commander was well understood, and felt bitterly by his great enemy. "Wellington stood to it," says a French writer, and there he fought. His work was to tire out Napoleon, and to raise Europe. *There* was the sore point, there the heel of Achilles. Europe at last turned its eyes to that corner where the fire was burning, and to that rather undashing but obstinate soldier, whom it had not perceived at first. Napoleon felt that, and from the top of the Septentrion he sometimes spoke of rushing on the south to end all with a thunder-stroke. That deaf and dumb protest was to him an unceasing and

irritating pain—the black spot which threatened his destiny.” *

At home murmuring and disappointment were loudly expressed, and in the army discontent and insubordination broke out. Yet he who, to use his own forcible words, “had more of the oak than the willow in his composition,” stood firm and unshaken. The ingratitude of those who blamed his want of success, and yet refused him help, never turned him from the settled purpose of his soul; he saw what was right to be done, and, cost him what it might, he would do it. Every thing was arranged for the comfort and well-being of his soldiers during the winter; but there was no rest for their indefatigable commander, and he availed himself of this opportunity to undertake a long and dangerous journey, and with a very slight escort, to meet the Cortez which was sitting at Cadiz, to endeavour to rouse them by a personal appeal to their duties and their dangers. Thence he proceeded to Lisbon for the same purpose. In both places he was received with unbounded enthusiasm. After these perilous journeys, in which he encountered great dangers, and was often stopped by swollen rivers, he returned in safety to his camp on the 25th of January, 1813.

Sir John Murray was soon after sent from England with a fresh detachment of troops, who had

* Lemoinne.

a severe encounter with Suchet, and defeated him with considerable loss. The Guerilla troops were also actively and successfully engaged in various but detached operations against the common enemy.



CHAPTER V.

Troops re organized—Reinforcements—Movements in Europe—Flight of Joseph—Battle of Vitoria—Spoils of the Army—Blockade of Pampeluna—Siege of St. Sebastian—Advance of Soult—St. Sebastian taken—Crossing the Bidassoa—Wellington enters France—Proclamation—Surrender of Pampeluna—Battles of the Pyrenees—Return of Napoleon to Paris—Advance of the Allies—Proclamation of Alexander—Victories on each side—Treaty of Chaumont—Siege of Bayonne—Wellington enters Bordeaux—Battle of Toulouse—Abdication of Napoleon—Wellington goes to Paris—End of Peninsular War.

THE winter had been spent by Lord Wellington in completely reorganizing his army, and bringing them into the highest state of discipline. Large numbers of troops had been sent out from England, and he found himself, at the opening of the campaign in the spring, at the head of 200,000 men, eager to be led forth to victory. This was the finest army he had ever commanded, and he was filled with sanguine hopes of success, such as subsequent events more than justified. The enemy's force amounted to 240,000 men, but changes were going on in Europe which soon obliged Napoleon to recall Soult with a portion of the army. Prussia had revolted from the emperor, and his Russian campaign had been disastrous. Wellington con-

certed his plans so admirably, that the French were at a loss where to combine their forces to oppose him. At length he marched forward, determined to attack them in flank, and sweep them back through the Pyrenees. "Thus, 70,000 Portuguese and British, 8,000 Spaniards from Estramadura, and 12,000 Galicians—that is to say, 90,000 fighting men—would be suddenly placed on a new front, and marching abreast against the surprised and separated masses of the enemy, would drive them, reflux, to the Pyrenees—a grand design, and grandly it was executed—for, high in heart and strong of hand, Wellington's veterans marched to the encounter; the glories of twelve victories played about their bayonets, and he, the leader, so proud and confident that, in passing the stream which marks the frontier of Spain, he rose in his stirrups, and, waving his hand, cried out, 'Farewell, Portugal!'"*

Having arranged the position of the right wing of his army, Wellington determined to inspect his left wing. To accomplish this, he had to cross the Douro, at Miranda, where the river was 200 yards wide, and too much swollen to be passed in any other way than in a hammock, suspended by a rope, which was hung thirty feet above the level of the water, from rocks, 500 feet high.

The allied army advanced with such unexpected speed, that Joseph Bonaparte thought his safety

* Napier.

could only be secured by a precipitate flight; and he hastily quitted Madrid for ever.

He commanded Burgos to be blown up; and this cruel order was partially executed, so that the English were enabled to seize the town. The British commander pushed forward his army with such speed, through almost insurmountable difficulties, in order to gain the sources of the Ebro, that, where the French fancied themselves secure, they were suddenly overpowered by the English, and found their retreat cut off both on the north and west. Joseph and Jourdan, with two large armies under their command, united their forces near Vitoria, Joseph occupying the town itself.

Wellington immediately determined to give them battle, but several days were spent in preparing for the engagement. The leaders of the respective armies then selected opposite hills from whence to direct the movements of their troops; Wellington, with perfect calmness, as if no struggle was at hand. On June 21st, 1813, the memorable battle of Vitoria took place, which was thus described by the conqueror:—

“ We attacked the enemy yesterday, and I am happy to inform your lordship that the allied army under my command obtained a complete victory, having driven them from all their positions, having taken from them 151 pieces of cannon, waggons of ammunition, all their baggage,

provisions, cattle, treasure, &c., and a considerable number of prisoners."*

After the victory the French were pursued as far as Pampeluna, whence they escaped with great loss, and "it is probable," adds Lord Wellington, "that the enemy will continue their retreat into France." The plunder obtained by the soldiers at Vitoria amounted at least to a million in money. "Never before in modern times had such a prodigious accumulation of military stores and private wealth fallen to the lot of a victorious army. Jourdan's marshal's baton, Joseph's private carriage and sword of state, 151 brass guns, 415 caissons of ammunition, 1,300,000 ball cartridges, 14,000 rounds of ammunition, and 40,000 lbs of gunpowder, constituted the military trophies of a victory, where 6000 also were killed and wounded, and 1000 prisoners taken. It at one blow destroyed the warlike efficiency of the French army, swept them like a whirlwind from the Spanish plains, and made Joseph's crown drop from his head. No estimate can be formed of the private plunder taken in the field." "Of wealth, the amount was so prodigious, that for miles together the combatants may be almost said to have marched upon gold and silver without stooping to pick it up."†

Success attended the Allies also in other parts of the Peninsula. On July 8th, Lord Wellington says:—

* Despatches.

† Alison.

“Matters are going on well here ; there is not a Frenchman in Spain on this side, except within garrison. I wait to see what turn affairs take in Germany, before I determine on my line. In the mean time I have blockaded all the fortresses, and am about to attack St. Sebastian, and am giving some rest to the troops, who have been a good deal fagged by their late exertions.” *

At length the feeling at home changed to the victorious general, and he received from the Prince Regent the following acknowledgment of his services :—

“ *Carlton House, 3rd July, 1813.*

“My dear Lord,—Your glorious conduct is beyond all human praise, and far above my reward. I know no language the world affords, worthy to express it. I feel I have nothing left to say, but most devoutly to offer up my prayer of gratitude to Providence, that it has, in its omnipotent bounty, blessed my country and myself with such a general. You have sent me among the trophies of your unrivalled fame, the staff of a French marshal, and I send you in return that of England.

“The British army will hail it with rapturous enthusiasm, while the whole universe will acknowledge those valorous exploits which have so imperiously called for it. That uninterrupted health and still increasing laurels may continue to crown

* Despatches.

you, through a glorious and long career of life, are the never-ceasing and most ardent wishes of, my dear Lord,

“Your very sincere and faithful friend,


“G. P. R.”*

The blockade of Pampeluna was continued, as well as that of other forts, and the siege of St. Sebastian was commenced. Within six weeks Lord Wellington had reached the Pyrenees, and driven 120,000 troops before him, besides having gained the brilliant victory of Vitoria. Napoleon was stung to the quick by the success of his rival, and in order to make a final attempt to stop the conqueror he sent Soult into Spain, with strong reinforcements, and the number of the French army in a short time was raised to 90,000 men. The siege of St. Sebastian was pushed with redoubled vigour, and as 1000 fresh troops had been added to the garrison, the resistance offered was desperate. Lord Wellington made a personal examination of the place, and determined to turn the siege into a blockade, until larger reinforcements were sent from England. At this critical moment Soult arrived in Spain, and endeavoured to inspire the garrison with fresh vigour. His first object was to relieve Pampeluna, and that of the Allies to prevent his approach to the place, and to guard the passes of the mountains. Some of these were secured after

* Despatches.

four days of hard fighting, and the power of the enemy weakened. From some of the heights they had gained, the English could look down upon their future conquests, the fair fields of France. The battles of the Pyrenees were amongst the most remarkable ever fought. Soult nevertheless resolved to advance, and so near were the two opposing armies to each other, that on one occasion Wellington seeing with his eagle glance a French column, which no one else had perceived, winding round a hill, and knowing that every thing depended on a sufficient force being prepared to stop them, he jumped from his horse, took out his pencil and wrote an order on the parapet of a bridge, instantly despatched it, then mounting again, dashed up the hill, alone, in sight of the French, who were close at hand. His troops raised a shout of joy as he reached them. He waited a moment to show to both armies that he was there, then, looking at Soult, who was so near as to be distinctly seen, he said, "Yonder is a great commander, but he is a cautious one, and will delay his attack to ascertain the cause of these cheers; that will give time for the 6th division to arrive, and I shall beat him." Truly prophetic were the words he then uttered. That day no serious action took place, a violent storm came on and lasted during the night.

The next day about twelve the French drew up in order of battle, and the engagement commenced.



Clausel made the first advance. To seize the hill which commanded the scene of action was the object of both armies. The English succeeded in holding it, and drove back the French again and again, though they attacked them in fourfold strength. The battle was fought with desperate valour on both sides for some time, but it terminated in Sault's complete defeat, though with a far superior force, and in his being compelled to own the greatness of his rival. His first design was to retreat, but being joined by a powerful reinforcement of 18,000 men, he made another effort to regain his lost fame. The second battle however ended as the first had done, and the Duke of Dalmatia had no alternative but a speedy flight. He was vigorously pursued by the British army, and but for the disobedience of three soldiers who were straggling, and were carried off by the French, their presence would not have been discovered till it was too late to escape.

The sufferings were terrible to which the flying enemy were exposed. They halted, at length, at Echellar, where Wellington determined again to give them battle. They were at first so placed as to be completely wedged into a valley, but were afterwards able to gain a hill, on which the fight took place. It terminated in 6000 French being dislodged from their position by 1500 of the British, who finally chased them over the frontier, and again freed Spain from its enemies. Thus

ended the anticipated victories of Soult! and the establishment of Wellington's fame on an immovable foundation.

Yet he felt no self-confidence—no elation in his wonderful exploits; but calmly considered the difficulties which still lay before him. Writing to Lord Bathurst, he said:—

“*August 18th, 1813.*”

“It is a very common error among those unacquainted with military affairs, to believe that there are no limits to military success. After having driven the French from the frontiers of Portugal and Madrid, to the frontiers of France, it is generally expected that we shall immediately invade France; and some even here expect that we shall be at Paris in a month. None appear to have taken a correct view of our situation on the frontiers, of which the enemy still possess all the strongholds within Spain itself; of which strongholds (or at least some of them) we must get possession before the season closes, or we shall have no communication whatever with the interior of Spain. Then, in France on the same great communications, there are other strongholds of which we must likewise get possession.” “I entertain no doubt that I could tomorrow enter France, and establish the army on the Adour; but I could go no further, certainly. If peace should be made by the powers of the north, I must necessarily withdraw into Spain; and the

retreat, however short, would be difficult” “To this add, that the difficulty of all that must be done to set the army to rights, after its late severe battles and victories, will be much increased by its removal into France at an early period; and that it must stop short in the autumn, if it now moves at too early a period.”*

Meanwhile, Bonaparte, alarmed by his losses in the Peninsula, was trying to make peace with the European powers, to the exclusion of England, in order to draw all his forces into Spain; and this made double caution necessary; yet, fearless of the result, Lord Wellington wrote to Lord Bathurst:—

“*Lesaca, 23rd August, 1813.*

“Your lordship may depend upon it that I am by no means tired of success, and that I shall do every thing in my power to draw the attention of the enemy to this quarter, as soon as I shall know that hostilities are really renewed in Germany.”*

The siege of St. Sebastian was greatly hindered by the neglect of his appeals to England for supplies for the troops; and, on the arrival of the necessary clothing, ammunition, &c., it was resumed with fresh vigour. The island of St. Clara, which commanded the fort and harbour, was taken. Re-

* Despatches.

peated attacks were made on the fortifications by the besiegers, and parried, with equal courage, by those within; for several days the result was uncertain, but, at length, British valour prevailed, and the town became the reward of the conquerors. A remarkable proof of the courage of the English troops occurred during this dreadful siege. On one occasion, it was necessary to enter a breach in single file, with the almost certainty that the first set who attempted it must perish. "Fifty men were required as volunteers from each regiment, 'who could show others how to mount a breach.' When the order was read to the 4th division, and those who would volunteer were desired to step some paces in front, the whole division moved forward."*

Dreadful scenes of plunder followed, and the castle was soon after bombarded under the direction of Lord Wellington, who had been successfully employed, during the siege, in preventing the advance of Soult to relieve the place. After a vigorous defence the castle was taken, and all the garrison surrendered as prisoners of war. The old general, who had the charge of it, and all his troops, were treated with marked kindness and respect by their brave conquerors. A striking trait in Wellington's character is seen in his correspondence, at this time, in a letter addressed to

* Maxwell.

an officer who was disappointed in not obtaining honours, which he felt that he deserved.

“What I would recommend to you,” he says, “is to express neither disappointment nor wishes upon the subject, even to an intimate friend, much less to the government. Continue as you have done hitherto, to deserve the honourable distinction to which you aspire, and you may be certain that if the government is wise, you will obtain it. The comparison between myself, who have been the most favoured of his majesty’s subjects, and you, will not be deemed quite correct; and I advert to my own situation only to tell you, that, I recommend to you conduct which I have always followed. Notwithstanding the numerous favours that I have received from the crown, I have never solicited one, and I have never hinted, nor would any of my relations or friends venture to hint for me, a desire to receive even one; and much as I have been favoured, the consciousness that it has been spontaneously, by the king and regent, gives me more satisfaction than anything else. I recommend to you the same conduct and patience, and above all, resignation, if after all, you should not succeed in acquiring what you wish.” *

Even at this time persons were found base enough, especially in the nation which owed to him their deliverance, to circulate the vilest re-

* Despatches.

ports against him. Writing to his brother, Sir H. Wellesley, he says, "There is no end of the calumnies against me and the army. I should have no time to do anything else if I were to begin either to refute or even to notice them. Very lately they took occasion of a libel in an *Irish* newspaper, reporting a supposed conversation between Castaños and me, (in which I am supposed to have consented to change my religion, to become king of Spain, and he to have promised the consent of the grandees,) to accuse me of this intention. What can be done with such libels, and such people, excepting despise them, and continuing one's road without noticing them?" *

St. Sebastian will be found, by a reference to the map, to command the communications by sea from the Bay of Biscay; therefore, that strongly fortified place, having fallen into the hands of the Allies, they were able to push forward into France without fear of being assailed in the rear. On the other side of the Pyrenees was Bayonne, which was also fortified, and an army stationed there, which kept up constant communications with Soult, who narrowly watched and protected the roads leading to it. "The French position was the base of a triangle, of which Bayonne was the apex, and the great roads leading from thence to Irun, and St. Jean Pied de Port, were the sides. A rugged mass of mountains inter-

* Despatches.

vened between the left and centre, but nearly all the valleys and communications coming from Spain beyond the Nieve centred at St. Jean Pied de Port, and were embraced by an entrenched camp, which Foy occupied in front of that fortress."* The river Bidassoa lay between the hostile armies. There were three passages across it, which were each strongly guarded by the enemy. These fords could only be crossed at low water. The sands were broad, and the tide rose there sixteen feet. So that if anything hindered the advance of the army at the right moment, those in the rear must infallibly be drowned. None but Wellington would have dared, under such circumstances, to make the attempt, but after fully calculating his plans, he gave the necessary orders to advance. Providentially a violent thunder-storm came on, which prevented the enemy from hearing the movements in the camp of the Allies, and a feint in another direction so entirely misled Soult, that, till to his utter astonishment he saw the army advancing on all sides, and at seven different points, he had no idea that the river had been forded. The object of this attempt was to attack the French centre, and to get the Irun road, as well as the harbour of Fuenterrabia. The combats which followed prove that to determined valour no difficulties are insurmountable. Nature had provided her strongest means of defence—

* Napier.

everywhere rocks, and torrents, and ravines, barred the progress of the assailants, and if an easier surface occasionally presented itself, art had been skillfully employed to render that impracticable." * Day after day, for more than a month, entrenchment had risen over entrenchment, covering the vast slopes of mountains, which were scarcely accessible from their natural steepness and asperity. This they could see, but cared neither for the growing strength of the works, or the height of the mountains, or the breadth of the river, with its heavy sands and its mighty rushing tide—all were despised. "Taupin's and Macune's divisions were each less than 5000 strong, and they were separately assailed, the first by 18,000, the second by 15,000 men, and at neither point were Reille and Clausel able to bring their reserves into action before the position was won." † Nothing could be more decisive than the battle of the Bidassoa. La Rhune, a steep mountain which forms the key to the French position, fronting the passes of Vera and Etchalar, was seized by the British, from whence they could at any time descend into France. "The operations of both bodies of troops succeeded in every point, the British and Portuguese troops took seven pieces of cannon in the redoubts and batteries which they carried, and the Spanish troops one piece of cannon in those carried by them." ‡ The crossing

* Maxwell.

† Napier.

‡ Despatches.

of the Bidassoa is considered one of the most wonderful exploits ever achieved in war. The desperate courage which inspired the allied army to scale mountains, cross torrents and ravines, and overcome all but insurmountable obstacles, is best described by one of Lord Wellington's old veterans. "We followed him," says he, "in every battle, with a confidence and devotion almost amounting to idolatry." And now the pass was won, and the Allies entered France in triumph.

The first step taken by the victorious general was to publish the most positive orders to his troops, to treat the inhabitants with the greatest consideration, to pay for every thing they took on pain of the severest punishment for disobedience to this order. At the same time he issued another proclamation to the inhabitants of France, assuring them of protection and security, if they remained in their houses, and did not interfere with the army. His next step was strongly to fortify his camp, where he awaited anxiously the news of the fall of Pampeluna, which was blockaded. The place held out for three months from the time it was first invested, but on October 31st it surrendered at discretion. The garrison had endured the most incredible hardships, and almost starvation. They had been so totally destitute of food that even dogs and cats were esteemed a luxury, as well as rats and mice.

Soult, meanwhile, was employed vigorously in

fortifying his camp, which contained 80,000 men. His position lay between St. Jean de Luz on the right, and Mount Daren on the left; from thence to St. Jean Pied de Port the line was protected by a ridge of rocks, so rugged that neither army could attempt to cross them. He had constructed three lines of defence, one behind the other. On every hill he had placed field-works, especially on the point that guarded the road to Bayonne, and on each redoubt he had placed heavy guns, brought from Bayonne. This was the apparently impregnable position which Wellington resolved to assault. The battle commenced on November 9th, the general having selected as the weakest point the opening between the Rhune mountains and a bridge over the Nivelle, and against that the main effort was to be directed; but the first outpost to be seized was a strong fort on the Petit Rhune. It stood on a rock, surrounded by three precipices, 200 feet high; but, after a furious resistance, it was carried by the British, and their flag hoisted in triumph from its fort. The attack was soon general, and the courage displayed on both sides did full credit to the valour of those engaged in so desperate a conflict,—on the result of which everything might be said to depend.

The scene from the heights was magnificent. “Far to the left, Hope’s Spaniards were coming into action; and a hundred guns below, answered by as many on the summits of the rocks, made a

deafening roar in the lesser hills, near the sea; while in the centre and right, 50,000 men, rushing like an impetuous torrent down the slopes of the Atchubia mountain, with loud shouts chased the receding French divisions into the lower grounds, near the Niville."* The French were driven from one stronghold to another, and the fords of the Niville secured by the Allies. The following day the battle was renewed, and with still greater success on the part of the British; it terminated at length by six miles of intrenchments falling into their hands,—Soutl being driven back on Bayonne, and abandoning works as strong as the lines of Lisbon, which he had been three months in constructing. In addition to these advantages, Wellington secured the harbour of St. Jean de Luz, by which he had ready communication with the sea, and could keep his army well provisioned.

"In the course of the operations," he says, "we have driven the enemy from positions which they had been fortifying with great labour and care for three months, in which we have taken fifty-one pieces of cannon, six tumbrils of ammunition, and 1400 prisoners."† The security of the army was still further increased by Hill driving the enemy from another strong position over the Nive.

The efficiency of the Spanish and Portuguese troops, who had been disciplined by Lord Wellington, had become most satisfactory, and in the late

* Alison.

† Despatches.

battles had called forth strong expressions of commendation. But no sooner was there a temporary cessation of arms, than the Spaniards, partly in revenge for the cruelties they had experienced from the French, plundered the inhabitants so dreadfully (in spite of the proclamation that had been issued), that Lord Wellington resolved to make an example of them, and actually sent back into Spain 25,000 men who were particularly important to him at that crisis, rather than suffer such disobedience to his orders, or allow the unoffending people to suffer. The Spaniards were enraged at this step; but their murmurs made no alteration in his purpose. He even went so far as to resign the command of their army at a moment when union was essential to success, and threatened to abandon their cause, rather than sacrifice what he considered justice, and honour, and right.

Soult had retired to a safe and strong position; but he had great difficulty in obtaining supplies for his troops. He said in a letter: "The English general's policy, and the good discipline he maintains, do us more harm than ten battles; every peasant wishes to be under his protection." The truth of this assertion was fully confirmed by Wellington, as well as the strong feeling of the people against the tyranny of Napoleon.

"I have had a good deal of conversation," he says, "with people here and at St. Pè, regarding the sentiments of the people of France, in general,

respecting Bonaparte and his government, and I have found it to be exactly what might be supposed, from all that we have read and known of his system. They all agree in opinion, viz.: that the sentiment throughout France is the same as I have found it here,—an earnest desire to get rid of him, from a conviction that, as long as he governs, they will have no peace. The language common to all is, that, though the grievous hardships and oppressions under which they suffer are intolerable, they dare not have the satisfaction even of complaining; that, on the contrary, they are obliged to pretend to rejoice, and that they are allowed only to lament in secret and in silence their hard fate. . . .

Every day's experience here shows the desire of the people to shake off the yoke of Napoleon. It is a curious circumstance, that we are the protectors of the inhabitants against the plunder of their own armies; and their cattle, property, &c., are driven into our lines for protection."*

The next important point to accomplish was, to cut off the communication of the army with France by the Adour. This could not be effected without another severe struggle; and on the 9th of December every preparation was made for a battle, which, after vigorous efforts on both sides, terminated in a victory on the side of the Allies. But when the evening closed in, Soult perceived that their army was divided by the Nive; he at once resolved appa-

* Despatches.

rently to withdraw his troops ; but in effect so to arrange them for the morrow, that they would fall on one half of the army, and cut it off before the rest could come up to their aid. Happily, however, he was led to make some change in his plan ; and no sooner did Lord Wellington hear that his men were attacked on the opposite side of the river from that on which he stood, than he crossed, and threw himself into the thickest of the fight ; and in the mean time some of his troops seized a commanding position on a hill, and took possession of a church, where they prepared to meet a furious onset from the French, and repulsed them. Still, in some parts of the field, success varied during the day ; and at one point the Allies were about to give way, when their general rode up to them : “ You must keep your ground, my boys ! ” he cried out ; “ there is nothing behind you—charge ! ” These words acted like an electric shock,—all fear was gone ; and on they dashed to victory. Other battles followed, crowned with equal success to the Allies, who finally secured the possession both of the Nive and the Adour. Some German troops, who were in Soult’s army, came over and joined themselves to the British.

At this critical period of the war, Bonaparte returned to Paris, having been unsuccessful, and driven from many parts of Europe ; and, enraged to see the progress which Wellington was making, demanded 300,000 men at once, to recruit his

armies. In a short time 315,000 were raised; but, thinking that he might more safely attack his great rival by treachery, he sent secret emissaries into Spain, to try and win the people over to his side, by offering to restore Ferdinand to his throne. The whole plot was discovered and frustrated by the wonderful sagacity of Lord Wellington, whose vigilance nothing could escape, and whose foresight anticipated and provided against every danger; and the Cortes, having long enjoyed the power of governing the kingdom, refused to acknowledge Ferdinand except on terms with which it was impossible for him to comply. At the same time a movement took place in the south of France in favour of the Bourbons, the exiled royal family of France, whose throne had been usurped by Napoleon. One of the princes, the Duc d'Angoulême, came over from England to join the English army. A peace, which had been nearly negotiated on the continent, between the principal powers, in which great concessions were made to France, but at the same time limiting it to its ancient boundaries, was rejected by the emperor, who thus sealed his own ruin.

Though the Spaniards had rejected Napoleon's offers, they still acted most ungratefully to their deliverer; and actually took measures to prevent his receiving the necessary provisions for his troops. Even England increased his difficulties by granting him most sparingly the necessary aid. No com-

mander was ever exposed through his whole military career to greater difficulties ; from which nothing but his indomitable firmness and perseverance could have rescued him. "I never in my life," said he, "gave up anything I once undertook." As a specimen of the niggardly way in which he was treated, he says, "Some of the muleteers are twenty-six months in arrears." . . . "I yesterday wanted to send off a courier to General W. Clinton, in Catalonia ; and the money for his expenses was borrowed from those who happened to have a little to lend."

But the great work of the liberation of Europe was fast hastening to a completion. "From the Rock of Gibraltar to the shores of Archangel ; from the banks of the Scheldt to the margin of the Bosphorus, all Europe was now arrayed in one vast league against France,"* and enormous armies were marching in all directions towards her, as their common centre of attack. Napoleon still determined to ward off the danger by defending the outposts of the kingdom. England sent 9000 troops to Holland, under Sir Thomas Graham, to unite with the other powers. Each country had its own wrongs to avenge on the common enemy ; and this animated their soldiers. The burning of Moscow infuriated the Russians ; but Alexander, their emperor, sought to mitigate their wrath with words of Christian mildness. In his proclamation to his soldiers, he said :—

* Alison.

“Our enemies, by piercing to the heart of our dominions, wrought us much evil; but dreadful was the retribution—the Divine wrath crushed them. Let us not take example from them; inhumanity and ferocity cannot be pleasing in the eyes of a merciful God. Let us forget what they have done against us. Instead of animosity and revenge, let us approach them with words of kindness, with the outstretched hand of reconciliation. Such is the lesson taught us by our holy faith. Divine lips have pronounced the command, ‘Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you.’ Warriors, I trust, that, by your moderation in the enemy’s country, you will conquer as much by generosity as by arms; and that, uniting the valour of the soldier against the armed, with the charity of the Christian towards the unarmed, you will crown your exploits, by keeping stainless your well-earned reputation of a brave and moral people.”*

The King of Prussia and Marshal Blucher commanded the Prussian armies. Schwartzberg, and several German princes, crossed the Rhine with a strong force. The Crown Prince of Sweden poured in his troops on the side of Flanders, and, in the course of a month, one-third of France was conquered; for nothing could resist the power of the Allies.

Yet Napoleon did not yield to despair. He

* Alison.

published false accounts of his resources, and of the numbers of his formerly invincible troops, though, in reality, he much more feared the disaffection of his own subjects, than the strength of his enemies. He determined at once to march against the combined armies of Russia and Prussia; and, after a desperate engagement at Brienne, Napoleon was the victor. After this, the Allies concentrated their forces, and a pitched battle with the emperor took place, in which he lost 6000 men, was totally defeated, and afterwards retreated. From all quarters disastrous news reached him, and ruin seemed to threaten him on all sides. The Allies, however, experienced reverses, which revived the spirit of the emperor. The Russians were more than once defeated, and, by sending to Paris exaggerated reports of his successes, the French people were filled with joy. In other parts of France, steps were taken to restore the Bourbons, and the armies of the empire were routed.

Yet the fate of Napoleon was long undecided; for, by his indomitable energy, he managed to raise new armies, and, where he fought in person, success generally followed. England, by her resources and subsidies, upheld the war. At length it was agreed that the hostile powers should meet and hold a conference at Chatillon; but it ended by Napoleon refusing to agree to any of the terms proposed by the other monarchs. The four allied powers—Russia, Prussia, Austria, and England—

then made the treaty of Chaumont, by which each agreed to keep 150,000 men in the field, and mutually to support one another till the emperor should be subdued. England promised five millions annually to carry on the war, which was now resumed with double vigour, but, as before, with varied success. Blucher at length obtained a glorious victory over the French, which nearly destroyed the emperor's hopes, and reduced his army to half its numbers. In Flanders, Italy, and on the Rhone, his affairs wore a still more threatening aspect, though, like a furious lion, he from time to time gathered up his strength, and dashed on his prey, and then carried all before him. Yet there was one whom he could never conquer, and, while Wellington maintained his post at the south of France, his victories were incomplete.

The immense expense incurred by maintaining this army in the south, led the English government to propose the return of Wellington with his forces, that he might join the continental Allies. He at once submitted to the decision, but not without a remonstrance, which convinced them that it was far more important for the general good that he should maintain his present post, than be employed in any other service. If, he said, having never had in his army more than 30,000 British troops, he had been able to keep his ground against 200,000 French, and had finally driven them over the

Pyrenees, it was evident he could do incomparably more harm to Napoleon, by advancing from the south, and taking Bayonne and Toulouse, than by any other movement he could make.

His arguments were too clear to be resisted. He then invested Bayonne with part of his army, whilst, in person, he led the rest to the Gave d'Oleron. One of his most splendid victories—the Battle of Orthez—followed these movements, in which the enemy lost 3900 men, and six guns. The effects of this victory were most important; for Soult, being utterly disheartened, was obliged to retreat, and a general revolt in the south of France was the consequence.

Wellington then advanced to Bordeaux, which opened her gates, welcomed the English as deliverers from a hated tyranny, and proclaimed the Bourbons.

Soult, thunderstruck at these events, retreated to Toulouse. “Thus, within six weeks after the campaign opened, Wellington had driven the French from the neighbourhood of Bayonne to Toulouse, a distance of 200 miles; had conquered the whole country between the Pyrenees and the Garonne, had passed six large and several smaller rivers, driven the enemy's forces from two fortified têtes du pont, and several minor field-works, defeated them in one pitched battle and several lesser combats; crossed the raging flood of the Adour, in the face of the garrison of Bayonne, below that

fortress, and laid siege to it, as well as to St. Jean, Pied du Port, and Navarreins, and finally brought about a revolution at Bordeaux, and a declaration in favour of the Bourbon dynasty, from the third city in the empire."*

The Spaniards, by a stratagem, regained possession of some of their strongest fortresses. Soult had taken up a position on the Garonne with which he was well acquainted, so that he was able to avail himself of all the advantages it presented. The country through which the Allies had to pass was dangerous, and the approach very difficult to the French camp, but Wellington resolved to attempt it, and to prevent a junction between Suchet and Soult.

To effect this object he threw a bridge across the Garonne, over which 13,000 men and eighteen guns immediately passed, whilst he himself prepared to attack Toulouse on the other side. The sudden rising of the river placed the allied army in great peril, and for three days that part of it which had crossed were in continual danger of being overpowered; but so confident was their great commander of his men, that he said he had never slept more soundly in his life than during those three perilous nights.

The French troops had enjoyed a season of rest, and their position was so secure, that they were more than equal to their opponents. On August

* Alison.

10th, at seven in the morning, Wellington gave the signal for the attack by a beacon-fire suddenly lighted on a hill. The French having seized an elevated spot of ground, for a time had the advantage, and the Spaniards who were opposed to them gave way. Nothing could surpass the bravery displayed by the French and English in their alternate assaults on each other.

“Their generals and field-officials were seen in front of the line on horseback, waving their hats amidst shouts of the multitude, which mingled with the thunder of the cannon, which resembled the roar of the ocean, breaking on an iron-bound shore.”*

In one encounter with a highland regiment the combatants fought shoulder to shoulder with desperate resolution. The French were at last driven back, “and the whole French right, like a vast mass of burning lava, amidst volumes of smoke and fire, hurled down the hill, towards Toulouse.”* Wellington cooped up the French in the city, and established his army in proud array on the blood-stained summits of Mount Rave,** then pushed forward his cavalry to stop up the only road by which the enemy could escape.

In the mean time the Allies entered Paris, and obliged Napoleon to abdicate the throne. This event took place on March 29th. Soult

* Alison.

had received the intelligence before the battle of Toulouse, but resolved to keep it secret, that he might, if possible, maintain that stronghold for his master. In the night of the 11th he retreated from the city, and on April 12th Wellington entered it in triumph, amidst the shouts and rejoicings of the inhabitants, who at once declared in favour of the Bourbons. At length official news arrived of the great events which had taken place in Paris, and the British general and his troops hoisted the white cockade amidst thunders of applause.

A cessation of hostilities immediately took place between Soult and Wellington; and the latter, with his staff, proceeded to Paris, to assist in the negotiations which were carrying on between Napoleon and the allied powers.

Thus, after a struggle of six years through unexampled difficulties, from the time Lord Wellington first went out to the Peninsula, he had, by his firm and consistent conduct, and undaunted bravery, re-organized the armies of Spain, Portugal, and England, shaken to its foundation the power of Napoleon, and, for a time, restored peace to Europe.

Thus ended the memorable Peninsular war.



CHAPTER VI.

Wellington appointed Ambassador—Napoleon attempts his own life—His abdication—He goes to Elba—Wellington made a Duke—Goes to Madrid—Peace—Army returns home—Appearance of Wellington in the two Houses of Parliament—Goes to Paris—Congress of Vienna—Return of Napoleon—Fortifies himself in Paris—The Allies march into France—Wellington goes to Brussels—Napoleon's advance—Address to his army—Blucher and Wellington unite their forces—Battle of June 18th—Waterloo—Rout of Napoleon's army—Blucher's proposal—Letters of Wellington—Dr. Hume's narrative—Napoleon's return to Paris—His abdication—Blucher and Wellington go to Paris—Napoleon sent to St. Helena—Peace of Paris—Honours bestowed on Wellington.

LORD WELLINGTON was not suffered to repose after the toils of war were ended. His great talents were too important to his country, for it to suffer them to be long unemployed. The Prince Regent gave him the appointment of ambassador at Paris, which office he accepted, saying that he should never have thought himself qualified for it, adding, "I hope however that the Prince Regent and his government are convinced that I am ready to serve him in any situation that it may be thought that I can be of any service." He reached Paris May 4th,

1814, and was received with enthusiasm, both by the allied sovereigns and the people.

Napoleon had retired to Fontainebleau; his proud spirit was unable to bear these reverses, and he made an attempt upon his own life by taking a poison which he had ordered to be prepared for him during his Russian campaign, and which he had, from that time, always carried about him. It had a violent but not fatal effect.

Elba, an island in the Mediterranean, on the coast of Tuscany, had been chosen by himself as the place of his banishment, and a liberal allowance was made to enable him to keep up the semblance of royalty, and he was permitted to retain the title of emperor. But by the treaty signed both by him and the allied powers, on April 11th, 1814, he formally renounced for himself and his descendants all claim to the Empire of France and the Kingdom of Italy. Commissioners were appointed to convey him to Elba. He suffered intensely on his journey through France, from the marked contempt with which he was treated by those over whom he had so long tyrannized, and in some places his life was endangered by the fury of the people against him. Colonel Campbell, one of the four commissioners, was the only person whom he treated with civility. To him he said, "I have cordially hated the English, I have made war against you by every possible means, but I esteem your nation, I am convinced that there is more

generosity in your government than in any other. I should like to be conveyed from Toulon to Elba in an English frigate." * This request was granted, and he embarked at Frejus in the *Undaunted* frigate, which took him to Elba.

The honour of a dukedom was conferred on Lord Wellington, and various foreign titles and distinctions likewise were awarded him, for the great services he had rendered to Europe. After a short stay in Paris, he was appointed to fulfil the important work of carrying the Convention to the army. Thence he proceeded to Madrid, in order to persuade the Spaniards to adopt moderate measures in the management of the internal resources of the Peninsula, and to prevail upon them to remain firmly united with England, for their own sakes, and for the well-being of Europe. Lord Wellington then rejoined his army, and the Peace having been signed, he gave final orders for their embarkation — some for England and some for Canada. In taking leave of them, he said:—

“General Order, Bordeaux, 14th June, 1814.

“1. The commander of the forces, being on the point of returning to England, again takes this opportunity of congratulating the army upon the recent events which have restored peace to their country and to the world.

“2. The share which the British army has had

* Bourrienne's Memoirs.

in producing these events, and the high character with which the army will quit this country, must be equally satisfactory to every individual belonging to it, as they are to the commander of the forces; and he trusts that the troops will continue the same good conduct to the last.

“3. The Commander of the forces once more requests the army to accept his thanks.

“4. Although circumstances may alter the relations in which he has stood towards them, so much to his satisfaction, he assures them that he shall never cease to feel the warmest interest in their welfare and honour, and that he will, at all times, be happy to be of any service to those to whose conduct, discipline, and gallantry their country is so much indebted.”

On Lord Wellington's arrival in England, on June 23rd, after five years' absence, the demonstrations of joy and admiration from all ranks were unbounded. At least 10,000 crowded the shore of Dover, as he landed, and he was borne on the shoulders of the people to the inn. The next day he went to pay his respects to the Prince Regent, to whom the allied sovereigns, who had shared so abundantly in the results of the Peninsular war, were on a visit, together with Marshal Blucher.

On June 28th, he appeared for the first time as a Peer in the House of Lords; and, as he had been absent from England whilst his various titles

had been bestowed, he had, at the same time, to receive his patents as Baron, and Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and Duke. The Lord Chancellor then rose and spoke as follows:—

“My Lord Duke of Wellington,—I have received the commands of this house, which, I am persuaded has witnessed with infinite satisfaction your Grace’s personal introduction into this august assembly, to return your Grace the thanks of this house for your great and eminent services to your King and country.

“In the execution of these commands, I cannot forbear to call the special attention of all who hear me, to a fact in your Grace’s life, singular, I believe, in the history of the country, and infinitely honourable to your Grace, that you have manifested, upon your first entrance into this house, your right, under various grants, to all the dignities in the peerage of this realm, which the crown can confer. These dignities have been conferred at various periods, but in the short compass of little more than four years, for great public services occurring in rapid succession, claiming the favour of the crown, influenced by its sense of justice to your Grace and the country; and, on no occasion in which the crown has thus rewarded your merits, have the houses of parliament been inattentive to your demands upon the gratitude of the country.

“Upon all such occasions, they have offered to your Grace their acknowledgments and thanks, the highest honours which they could bestow.

“I decline all attempts to state your Grace's eminent merits in your military character—to represent those brilliant actions, those illustrious achievements which have attached immortality to the name of Wellington, and which have given to this country a degree of glory unexampled in the annals of this kingdom. In thus acting, I believe I must consult the feelings which evince your Grace's title to the character of a truly great and illustrious man.

“My duty to this house, cannot but make me most anxious not to fall short of the expectation which the house may have formed, as to the execution of what may have been committed to me, on this great occasion; but, the most anxious consideration which I have given to the nature of that duty, has convinced me that I cannot more effectually do justice to the judgment of the house, than by referring your Grace to the terms and language, in which the house has so repeatedly expressed its own sense of the distinguished and consummate wisdom and judgment, the skill and ability, the prompt energy, the indefatigable exertion, the perseverance, the fortitude and the valour by which the victories of Vimiero, Talavera, Salamanca, and Vitoria were achieved—by which the sieges of

Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos were gloriously terminated—by which the deliverance of Portugal was effectuated—by which the ever-memorable establishment of the allied armies on the frontiers of France was accomplished,—armies pushing forward in the glory of victory, at Orthez, to the occupation of Bourdeaux. These achievements, in their immediate consequences, infinitely beneficial to the common cause, have, in their final results, secured the peace, prosperity, and glory of this country; whilst your Grace's example has animated, to great exertions, the other nations of Europe,—exertions rescuing them from tyranny, and restoring them to independence, by which there has been ultimately established, among all the nations of Europe, that balance of power which, giving sufficient strength to every nation, provides that no nation shall be too strong.

“I presume not to trespass on the house, by representing the personal satisfaction which I have derived, from being the honoured instrument of conveying to your Grace the acknowledgments and thanks of this house, upon every occasion upon which they have been offered to your Grace, or by endeavouring to represent the infinite gratification which I enjoy in thus offering, on the behalf of the house, on this day, to your Grace in person, those acknowledgments and those thanks. Your Grace is now called to aid hereafter, by your wisdom and judgment, the great council of that nation, to the

peace, prosperity, and glory of which your Grace has already so essentially contributed; and I tender your Grace, now taking your seat in this house, in obedience to its commands, the thanks of the house in the words of its resolution:—‘That the thanks of this house be given to Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, on his return from his command abroad, for his eminent and unremitting service to his Majesty and to the public.’”

The Duke then rose and made this simple and manly reply:—“My Lords, I have to perform a duty to which I feel myself very inadequate, to return to your lordships my thanks, for this fresh mark of your approbation of my conduct and of your favour.

“I assure your lordships that I am entirely overcome by the honours which have been conferred upon me, and by the favour with which I have been received in this country by the Prince Regent, by your lordships, and by the public.

“In truth, my lords, when I reflect upon the advantages which I enjoyed, in the confidence reposed in me, and the support afforded by the government and by his Royal Highness the Commander-in-chief; in the cordial assistance which I invariably received, upon all occasions, from my gallant friends the general officers of the army, who are an honour to their country; the gallantry and discipline of the troops; and in the manner in which I was en-

couraged and excited to exertion, by the protection and gracious favour of the Prince, I cannot but consider, that however great the difficulties with which I had to contend, the means to contend with them were equal to overcome them; and I am apprehensive that I shall not be found so deserving of your favour as I wish.

“If, however, my merit is not great, my gratitude is unbounded; and I can only assure your lordships, that you will always find me ready to serve his Majesty to the utmost of my ability, in any capacity in which my services can be at all useful to this great country.”

Proud and happy must his wife and mother have been, to be present to witness such honours bestowed on one, who had so richly deserved them.

The House of Commons, in which he had been so often slandered and opposed, resolved, by an unanimous vote, to congratulate the Duke, and welcome his return. He requested to receive their thanks in person, and attended the house for that purpose. He concluded his address, in reply to the Speaker, in these words,—“Sir, it is impossible for me to express the gratitude which I feel. I can only assure the house that I shall always be ready to serve his Majesty, in any capacity in which my services can be deemed useful, with the same zeal for my country, which has already acquired for me, the approbation of this house.”

This speech was received with loud cheers; and

the Speaker then rose, and, after recapitulating the great services of the Duke, he said :—“ For the repeated thanks and grants bestowed upon you by this house, in gratitude for your many and eminent services, you have thought fit this day to offer us your acknowledgments ; but this nation will know that it is still largely your debtor. It owes to you the proud satisfaction, that, amidst the constellation of great and illustrious warriors, who have recently visited our country, we could present to them a leader of our own, to whom all, by common acclamation, conceded the preeminence ; and when the will of Heaven and the common destinies of our nature, shall have swept away the present generation, you will have left your great name and example as an imperishable monument, exciting others to like deeds of glory, and serving, at once, to adorn, defend, and perpetuate the existence of this country, amongst the ruling nations of the earth.

“ It now remains only that we congratulate your Grace upon the high and important mission on which you are about to proceed ; and we doubt not that the same splendid talents, so conspicuous in war, will maintain, with equal authority, firmness, and tempér, our national honour and interests, in peace.”

In addition to these honours the parliament voted a large sum of money, not only to the Duke, but to his noble companions in arms, Generals

Hope, Beresford, Graham, Hill, and Cotton, who were also made peers.

The Duke then departed for Paris, on his mission as ambassador. On his way thither, by the command of the English government, he made a careful military survey of Belgium, and he thus acquired a perfect knowledge of that country, in which his last great exploits were to be achieved.

The Peace of Paris, which replaced the Bourbons on the throne of their ancestors, was signed on May 30th, 1814, by the allied sovereigns and their representatives.

By it, France was restored to its ancient limits, and the countries which Napoleon had conquered became again the possession of their rightful sovereigns.

Early in February, 1815, a congress was held at Vienna, to complete the arrangements for the pacification of Europe. The Duke, as English ambassador, went thither. One question which greatly agitated the minds of the different sovereigns was the abolition of the abominable slave trade, which had been so long carried on, to the disgrace of humanity. The English wished to insist upon it as one of the articles of a general peace. Writing to Mr. Wilberforce (a great and good man, who had devoted his life to this work), the Duke says,—“ You do me justice in believing that I will pursue, with all the zeal of which I am capable, the object of the abolition of the slave

trade by France." To Lord Holland, he says, that he had bought up all the copies of a pamphlet on the subject he could find, and had sent to Geneva for more, "in order to distribute them amongst the members of the House of Peers and of the Deputies of the Departments:"—"Your lordship," he adds, "may depend upon my doing every thing in my power to carry on an object which great Britain has so much at heart, as the abolition of the slave trade."*

The deliberations at Vienna were suddenly broken up by the news, that Napoleon had quitted Elba; but for a time, where he was gone, or what were his ulterior plans, no one knew. There was a grand dinner of the ambassadors that day; and as the company arrived, every one was anxious to detect, by the Duke's manner, if he had heard the news. He waited till all were assembled, and then said, "Gentlemen, have you heard of the Emperor's escape?—As for me," said he, addressing Prince Talleyrand, the French minister, "I am the soldier of the King of France." He wrote thus to Lord Castlereagh on the subject.

"Vienna, March 12th, 1815.

"I received here, on the 7th instant, a despatch from Lord Burghersh, of the 1st, giving an account that Buonaparte had quitted the Isle of Elba, with all his civil and military officers, and about 1200

* Despatches.

troops, on the 6th of February. I immediately communicated this account to the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and to the King of Prussia, and to the ministers of the different powers, and I find among all one prevailing sentiment of a determination to unite their efforts to support the system established by the Peace at Paris." * * * "Upon the whole, I assure your lordship that I am perfectly satisfied with the spirit which prevails here upon this occasion, and I do not entertain the smallest doubt, that if unfortunately, it should be possible for Buonaparte to hold at all against the King of France, he must fall under the cordially united efforts of the sovereigns of Europe." * * * "It is my opinion, that Buonaparte has acted upon false, or no information, and that the King will destroy him without difficulty, and in a short time; if he does not, the affair will be a serious one, and a great and immediate effort must be made, which will doubtless be successful."*

The Allies strongly pressed the Duke to take up a position in the Netherlands, to which he agreed.

"It is the desire for war, particularly in the army, which has brought Buonaparte back, and has formed for him any party, and has given him any success; and all my observations when at Paris convinced me that it was the King alone who kept Europe at peace; and that the danger which most

* Despatches.

immediately threatened his Majesty was to be attributed to his desire to maintain the peace contrary to the wishes, not only of the army, but of the majority of his subjects, of some his ministers and even of some of his family." *

The Allied powers all agreed to unite with the King of France against their common enemy. Napoleon quitted Elba on February 26th, entered the Gulf of Juan on March 1st, and landed in France the same evening. He was accompanied by his guards, and such was the versatility of the French, that no sooner was his return announced, than they hastened to join and welcome him; and as he passed from city to city, the tri-coloured cockade was mounted, and troops which went forth to oppose him, changed their cry into "*Vive l'Empereur!*" He reached Fontainbleau on the 20th, and that night again took possession of the Tuilleries.

The French King and his court, hearing of his victorious progress, had quitted Paris in alarm. This sudden change of affairs made prompt measures necessary on the part of the Allies, who united their forces to drive the tyrant a second time from his usurped dominions.

Can it be believed that at this moment, after all that had so lately passed, there were found in England those who decried the plans, their great General had taken to secure the peace of Europe;

* Despatches.

and were unwilling to be convinced that a fresh effort was necessary to preserve it against the usurper? Wellington complained justly of this treatment, and raised his voice also against the cry that assassination was a lawful weapon to employ against Napoleon.

The Treaty of Vienna was widely circulated over the continent, and Buonaparte, in a memorial which he drew up in justification of his conduct, vainly endeavoured to conciliate the Allies. It was returned unopened from England, and with words of defiance from all.

He determined therefore to fortify Paris, and to raise an enormous army. He asked Carnot how soon and at what expense he could accomplish the former? He replied, "Two hundred millions; and three years; and when it is done, I would only ask 60,000 men, and twenty-four hours to demolish the whole."

To amuse the people, and to divert their thoughts from impending danger, Napoleon gave a grand fête in Paris, and then had a review of 50,000 troops.

Meanwhile the Allies were pouring in their armies on all sides, to unite in one great effort against him, in fulfilment of an article of the Treaty of Vienna, which declared,—“That, firmly resolved to maintain entire the Treaty of Paris, of 30th of May, 1814, and the dispositions sanctioned by that treaty, and those which they have resolved on, or

shall hereafter resolve on, to complete and consolidate it, they will employ all their means, and unite all their efforts, that the general peace, the objects of the wishes of Europe, and the constant purpose of their labours may not again be troubled, and to guarantee against every attempt which shall threaten to replunge the world into the disorders and miseries of revolutions.”

On March 28th, the Duke of Wellington was placed over the whole army of the Netherlands, and shortly after followed the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, which decided the fate of Europe.

Every nerve was now strained by both parties, to prepare for a tremendous conflict.

The allied armies of Germany, Austria, Bavaria, Prussia, Saxony, England, Russia, and Belgium, amounted to 700,000 men, and enormous subsidies were granted by England to carry on the war.

Napoleon, on the other side, employed every means his fertile genius could suggest, to meet them on equal terms; and he trusted, by calling upon all his old troops, he might muster 600,000 men, besides 60,000 cavalry. By holding out promises, and hopes, he managed to raise money for arming and equipping this vast body of men, and for preparing them, at all points, for the coming conflict. The love of glory was a passion to which he never appealed in vain, and incredible supplies were thus obtained.

The Duke of Wellington determined to march from Belgium on Paris, in combination with the Prussians, whilst the Austrians and Russians attacked France on the other side. Had Wellington now possessed the same army which he had trained in the Peninsula, his prospects would have been more certain; but numbers of his choicest troops were absent in Canada, and those he now commanded had, many of them, not before seen service in the field, and nothing but the perfect confidence of the British troops in him, and of the Prussians in Marshal Blucher, could have led to the brilliant results which followed. For some time the English army was quartered at Brussels, where their general had carefully reconnoitred the whole neighbourhood, with a view to ultimate arrangements for taking up his position for battle, should the enemy advance; and if not, with a determination to push on to Paris. "Paris is our object," he says, in a letter sent to Lord Stewart, dated May 8th;—"God knows whether they can be acted upon, but I am convinced that what I have proposed, is so clearly the plan of operations, that I do not doubt it will be adopted with but little variation."

With the intention of taking Paris, the Duke showed the same disinterested desire as ever to protect the rights of property, and secure the conquered from injury. In a letter to Prince Metternich, he says, "We should avoid the evil of seizing

the public treasures in France—an evil which it will be very difficult to avoid under any other system, which will be fatal to the discipline and the reputation of the allied armies, and will give but too much reason for the French people to believe, that the Allies have forgotten, or have omitted to act upon the system laid down in their public declarations, and in their treaties.”*

As many foolish and idle stories have been invented and believed, about this eventful period of the Duke's history, it is better to mention and refute them, especially as they were put into circulation by a French writer, who said that false reports were sent to the Duke of Napoleon's plans, and that he was deceived by them, and was off his guard, and unprepared for the approach of the enemy, and was taken by surprise when at a ball. “I can assert,” says Lord Ellesmere, “in reply to all this, *on the Duke's personal authority*, and on that of others in his confidence at headquarters, that the Duke neither acted on, nor received any such intelligence as that supposed, from Fouché or any one else; that he acted on reports received from his own outposts and those of his allies, the Prussians—and on those alone.” “Statements of fact are matters of evidence and testimony: my witnesses are the Duke and his officers. As to the ball, it is only necessary to state that Napoleon's advance was known to the Duke long

* Despatches.

before the period fixed for that festivity."* He had fully thought on the subject, whether it should go on or not, and decided that it would give alarm to the people of Brussels if it were prevented; and that so many within the walls of that city were unfavourable to the Allies, that serious consequences might follow if they knew that the French were approaching.

It is said that the Duke was once addressed in company, by a young man, who said he had resolved, if he ever had the opportunity, to ask his Grace if it was true that he was taken by surprise at the Battle of Waterloo; and that he answered with some asperity,—“I was not surprised *then*, but I am *now*.”

On June 12th, Napoleon quitted Paris, on his way to join the splendid army which he had assembled on the frontier; this he effected on the 14th. It consisted of 154,370 men: 24,750 were cavalry, 7520 artillery, 122,100 infantry, with 296 pieces of cannon. It exceeded the army of Wellington in every particular, for the latter consisted only of 78,500 men, of which 53,000 only were British, Germans, and Hanoverians; and, as was before mentioned, many of them untried troops. The Prussian army numbered 115,000 men.

Napoleon excited the feelings of his soldiers to the utmost by a vehement address:—“Soldiers,”

* Life and Character of the Duke of Wellington, by Lord Ellesmere.

said he, "this day is the anniversary of Marengo, of Friedland, which once decided the destiny of Europe.

"Then, as after the battle of Austerlitz, as after the battle of Wagram, we were too generous,—we believed in the protestations, in the oaths of Princes, whom we left on their thrones—now, however, leagued together, they aim at the independence, and the most sacred rights of France. They have committed the most unjust aggressions. Let us then march and meet them. Are not we and they still the same men? Soldiers! at Jena, against these same Prussians, now so arrogant, you were one to three; and at Montmirail, one to six. Let those among you who have been captives to the English, describe the nature of their prison-ships, and the horrible sufferings they endured. The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, lament that they are obliged to use their arms in the cause of princes who are the enemies of justice, and of the rights of all nations. They know that this coalition is insatiable; after having devoured 12,000 of Poles, 12,000,000 of Italians, 1,000,000 of Saxons, and 6,000,000 of Belgians, it now wishes to devour the state of the second rank in Germany.

"Madmen! one moment of prosperity has bewildered them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people are beyond their reach—if they enter France, they will find their tomb there.

“Soldiers! we have forced marches to make, battles to fight, and dangers to encounter; but, if we are firm, victory will be ours. The rights, the honour, and the happiness of the country will be recovered. To every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment is now arrived when he should either conquer or die.

“Avesnes, June 14th, 1815.”

The grand battle on which he so confidently relied to crush his enemies, began on the 16th, and lasted three days.

Nothing is more difficult than to give a clear account of a succession of complicated actions, which lasted for such a length of time, and were at every moment full of stirring interest.

“The point on which Wellington’s detached corps were directed to unite was a hamlet called Quatre Bras, standing on the intersection of the great road from Charleroi to Brussels, by that running from Namur to Nivelles. The village is small, and the adjacent country presents a surface in which woodlands and cornfields are intermixed. The Bois de Bossu is close to the hamlet, and its distance from Brussels is about twenty English miles.”*

Blucher, who had taken up his post at Charleroi, was the first object of attack to the French. Brave as he was, he had chosen his ground in such a way

* Maxwell.

that the Duke, who visited him early that morning, is said to have expressed disapprobation of his plans; and in riding back to Brussels to have remarked to one of his staff, "Now mark my words, the Prussians will make a gallant fight, for they are capital troops and well commanded, but they will be beaten. I defy any army not to be beaten placed as they are, if the force that attacks them be such as I suppose the French under Buonaparte are."* And, unfortunately, his words proved but too true, for whilst Ney made an attack upon the British, both the Prince of Orange and the Prussians were driven back, and the Bois de Bossu, a strong post, which it was important to hold, had been seized by the enemy. During the day Marshal Blucher had a most providential escape. A charge of cavalry which he was leading was unsuccessful. The enemy pursued him vigorously, and a musket-ball struck his horse; the pain of the wound so infuriated the animal that it rushed madly on till, spent by its own efforts, it dropped down dead. The enemy continued the pursuit; whilst the fallen general lay under his horse, they passed him unobserved, and only one adjutant remained at his side. The enemy were driven back, and galloped by again with the same precipitation without seeing him. At length he was disengaged from his perilous situation, mounted a dragoon horse, and rejoined his troops.

* Wellingtoniana.

The Duke, on reaching the Bois de Bossu, commanded that it should be retaken, and the desperate attacks of the French were repulsed by the undaunted bravery of the English. "One regiment, after sustaining a furious cannonade, was suddenly on three different sides assailed by cavalry. Two faces of the square were charged by the lancers, while the cuirassiers galloped down upon another. It was a trying moment. There was a death-like silence; and one voice alone, clear and calm, was heard; it was their colonel's (Sir Philip Belson), who called upon them to be 'steady.' On came the enemy, the earth shook beneath the horsemen's feet, while on every side of the devoted band, the corn bending beneath the rush of cavalry disclosed their numerous assailants. The lance blades approached the bayonets of the kneeling front rank, the cuirassiers were within forty paces, yet not a trigger was drawn. But when the word 'Fire' thundered from the colonel's lips, each and all poured out its deadly volley, and in a moment the leading files of the French lay before the squares, as if hurled by a thunderbolt to the earth. The assailants, broken and dispersed, galloped off for shelter to the tall rye, while a stream of musketry from the British square carried death into the retreating squadrons."* After a furious conflict the wood was retaken by the Guards, who had been nearly fifteen hours without food.

* Victories of the British Armies.

In his despatch Lord Wellington says, that as soon as he found "the enemy's movement upon Charleroi was the real attack," he ordered the troops at once to march. "The enemy drove the Prussian posts from the Sambre," but Blucher held the villages "of St. Arnaud and Ligny." The enemy moving towards Brussels, was forced "back to the farm-house, on the same road, called Quatre Bras. On this point the main body of the British was posted. "We maintained our position, and completely defeated and repulsed all the enemy's attempts to get possession of it. The enemy repeatedly attacked us with a large body of infantry and cavalry, supported by a numerous and powerful artillery. He made several charges with the cavalry upon our infantry, but all were repulsed in the steadiest manner. I have particularly to regret H.R.H. the Duke of Brunswick, who fell fighting gallantly at the head of his troops." The Prince of Orange had a musket-ball shot through his shoulder. "It gives me the greatest satisfaction to assure your lordship," the Duke adds, "that the army never upon any occasion conducted itself better. The division of Guards under Lieutenant-General Cooke, who is severely wounded, Major-General Maitland, and Major-General Byng, set an example which was followed by all, and there is no officer or description of troops that did not behave well."*

* Despatches.

“Although Marshal Blucher had maintained his position at Somberg, he still found himself much weakened by the severity of the contest in which he had been engaged.” He determined to fall back and to concentrate his army upon Wavre, and he marched in the night after the action was over. “This movement of the Marshal rendered necessary a corresponding one on my part, and I retired from the farm of Quatre Bras upon Genappe, and thence upon Waterloo, the next morning, the 17th, at ten o’clock.” Napoleon hastened forward to provoke an engagement, but was disappointed to find that they had retired too far to be attacked, and only some skirmishes took place during the 17th, in which the British successfully repelled the enemy. A day of pouring rain and violent thunder-storms ominously preceded the decisive 18th.

Wellington selected a position along the forest of Soignées, where the roads from Brussels to Nivelles cross each other. The village of St. Jean stands on its borders, and Waterloo at its termination. The farm-house of La Haye Sainte stood in front of the centre of the army, and the chateau of Hougomont, in the right centre, was defended by the Guards.

The finest of the troops were placed here. The right wing of the army was posted towards Merke Braine to keep the road to Nivelles, and the left kept up the communication with the Prussians by

the road to Ohain. Part of the troops were stationed at Hougomont, and another part on the road to Charleroi. From the level nature of the ground the whole army and all their arrangements became visible at once to Napoleon, who with exultation assured himself of victory. Turning to Soult he said, "I have them, these English; nine chances out of ten are in our favour." "Sire," replied Soult, "I know these English, they will die on the ground on which they stand before they lose it."* The two commanders stationed themselves where they could direct the movements of their armies; but as the battle thickened they mingled in the fight, and wherever there was the most danger, there the Duke appeared, too heedless of his own safety, so that he defended the cause of his country and the world. Even whilst he stood at the foot of a tree, giving orders, so dangerous was his position that the branches of the tree were broken by the balls passing over his head, and nearly all his suite were killed at his side in the course of the day.

He thus describes the progress of the battle: "The enemy collected his army, with the exception of the 3rd corps, which had been sent to observe Marshal Blucher, on a range of heights in our front, in the course of the night of the 17th, and yesterday morning; and at about ten o'clock he commenced a furious attack upon our post at

* Alison.

Hougomont. I had occupied this post with a detachment from General Byng's brigade of guards, which was in position in its rear, and it was for some time under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonnell, and afterwards of Colonel Home, and I am happy to add that it was maintained throughout the day with the utmost gallantry by these brave troops, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to obtain possession of it." "The enemy repeatedly charged our infantry with his cavalry, but these attacks were uniformly unsuccessful, and they afforded opportunities to our cavalry to charge, in one of which Lord E. Somerset's brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, and 1st Dragoon Guards, highly distinguished themselves, as did that of Major-General Sir W. Ponsonby, having taken many prisoners and an eagle." "These attacks were repeated till about seven in the evening, when the enemy made a desperate effort with cavalry and infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, to force our left centre near the farm of La Haye Sainte, which, after a severe contest, was defeated." After this, "as Prince Marshal Blucher had joined in person," "I determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded in every point; the enemy was forced from his

positions on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I could judge, 150 pieces of cannon, with their ammunition, which fell into our hands. I continued the pursuit till long after dark, and then discontinued it only on account of the fatigue of our troops, who had been engaged during twelve hours, and because I found myself on the same road with Marshal Blucher, who assured me of his intention to follow the enemy throughout the night. He has sent me word this morning that he had taken sixty pieces of cannon, belonging to the Imperial Guard, and several carriages, baggage, &c., belonging to Buonaparte, in Genappe. I propose to move this morning upon Nivelles, and not to discontinue my operations." "Your lordship will observe that such a desperate action could not be fought, and such advantages could not be gained without great loss, and I am sorry to add that ours has been immense." With his usual generosity he adds: "I should not do justice to my own feelings or to Marshal Blucher, and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day, to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them."* On another occasion the Duke remarked that had he commanded the same army which he did in 1814, the victory of Waterloo would have been gained in

* Despatches

four hours. Such was his own simple and unadorned narrative of this wonderful day, the fierce and desperate conflicts of which would fill volumes to detail. Not only the fate of the two greatest generals in the world, but of all Europe, hung upon its issue.

The attack upon Hougomont, with which the engagement commenced, has been already detailed in the above extract. The enemy, deceived by a false movement, which they supposed to be a retreat, charged furiously the left wing of the British, which was as bravely repelled, but Picton, their noble general, after giving the word "Charge," fell by a shot; but his troops, stung to desperation by their loss, rushed on and conquered their opponents. In another part of the field, Lord Anglesea, after a splendid onset, took 2000 prisoners, and two eagles. La Haye Sainte had been attacked, and the charge repulsed by the Germans. The French in some points gained the advantage, but Hougomont resisted to the last the desperate attempts of Napoleon to secure it. He lost 8000 men in his reiterated attacks on this important post. The greatest success of the enemy was in the temporary possession of La Haye Sainte, where they cruelly murdered every one who had there so vigorously resisted them. But the overpowering numbers of the enemy could not fail to make an impression on the lessening ranks of the allied army, and Napoleon flattered himself that he should weary

them into defeat. Even he was struck with admiration at their unflinching courage, and he said to Soult, "How beautifully these English fight! But they must give way."

One proof may be given in confirmation of this observation. "One general officer was compelled to state that his brigade was reduced to a third of its numbers, and that the survivors were so exhausted with fatigue, that a temporary relief was indispensable. "Tell him," said the Duke, "what he asks is impossible. He, and I, and every Englishman on the field must die on the spot which we now occupy." "Enough," returned the general; "I and every man under my command will share his fate." Wellington was anxious, but calm. He felt, however, and expressed to all the troops whom he addressed, confidence in the final result:—"Hard pounding this, gentlemen," said he; "but we will pound the longest." *

Evening approached, and the promised Prussian reinforcements had not come up; and, till this reinforcement arrived, the British were commanded to remain motionless against the fire of the enemy, when they were burning to rush forward into the thickest of the fight; but so admirable was their discipline, that "Be cool, my boys," was enough to keep them in rank.

On one occasion, when the Prince of Orange received a severe wound whilst urging on his men

* Paul's Letters.

Wellington exclaimed, — “Stand fast, 95th; we must not be beat. What would they say of us in England?” “Never fear, sir,” they replied; “we know our duty.”*

A French writer, describing the indomitable courage of the infantry, says,—“One was tempted to believe that they had taken root in the ground.”

At length distant artillery was heard, and the certain approach of Blucher was reported to the Duke. Then he prepared all for the grand final struggle. Weak points were strengthened, and where death had thinned the ranks fresh soldiers supplied their places.

Napoleon flattered himself that the coming troops were Grouchy's, but he was soon convinced of his error. The French and English infantry met in deadly encounter, but the latter were found invincible, and the former were totally routed. The second column, after a brave attack, met the same fate. Wellington saw, in an instant, the advantage he had gained.—“‘The hour is come,’ he is said to have exclaimed, as, closing his telescope, he commanded the whole line to advance. The order was exultingly obeyed; and, forming four deep, on came the British—wounds, and fatigue, and hunger were all forgotten, as, with their customary steadiness, they crossed the ridge — but when they saw the French, and began to move down the hill, a cheer that seemed to rend the

* Alison.

heavens, pealed from their proud array, as they pressed on to meet the enemy." *

The British had waited in unmoved endurance the word of command. No sooner was it spoken—"Up, Guards, and at them!" than, with Wellington himself at their head, they swept all before them, prevented the enemy from rallying, who, pursued by the English cavalry, fled down the hill in utter disorder and rout. "All is lost!—the guard is repulsed!" was the cry of the despairing enemy." This was, indeed, the proof that they were vanquished, for no one was admitted into the guard who had not served in twelve campaigns. Wellington seized the moment of panic, commanded a general attack, and with tremendous cheers, the whole allied army rushed on to complete the victory! Amongst the foremost in the flight was the fallen Emperor. To use his own words: "It was a complete rout." The Prussians behind and the British in front made escape hopeless, and the slaughter which ensued was terrible. The roads were actually blocked up by the overturned carriages—the dead and dying, mingled with heaps of arms thrown down by the fugitives to hasten their escape. From Waterloo to Genappe the pursuit was continued, till the English abandoned it to the Prussians, whose deadly hatred of the French fell with terrible vengeance on the vanquished. One incident occurred on that day,

* Stories of Waterloo.

which shows strikingly the difference of sentiment in the two allied generals. Blucher had once a chance of taking Napoleon prisoner, for he demanded his person of the French commissioners as the first condition of any negotiation. Blucher, sent to Wellington, as Commander-in-chief of the forces, to say that, as the Congress of Vienna had declared him an outlaw, he was determined to have him shot, as soon as he had him in his hands; but he wished the Duke's sanction to this step. He looked utterly astonished, said that the Congress could not intend to sanction or incite to the murder of Napoleon, and he thought, since the victory had been won, the position both of the Marshal and himself was too high to permit such an act to be committed. "I, therefore," said the Duke, "wish my friend and colleague to see the matter in the light I do. Such an act would give our names to history stained by a crime, and posterity would say of us, 'They were not worthy to be his conquerors.'"

The battle of Waterloo was final in its results: the noblest army France had ever raised was irretrievably ruined. The numbers of men, killed, wounded, or made prisoners, added to those who escaped and abandoned the army, amounted to at least 40,000. Had Blucher arrived at Waterloo four hours sooner, at the time originally fixed between him and the Duke, the battle would have ended much sooner; but he was impeded in

his march by the state of the roads, and by a town which the French had set on fire, and which he durst not approach, for fear his artillery wagons should explode.

After this wonderful victory was gained, Wellington returned to Brussels; but can we wonder that victory to him was mingled with deep sorrow. He passed over a battle-field where 50,000 dead and wounded men, and horse were lying.

During these three memorable days the Duke found time to write his despatches as usual; and even on the 18th, he wrote three letters from the field of Waterloo. In one of these, after mentioning the names of some who had fallen, he says, "I have escaped unhurt—the finger of Providence was upon me!"

One of these communications was to his mother. Even on the battle-field, his duty as a son was not forgotten. He announced to her the joyful tidings that he was safe, and had won a decisive victory.

But victory was not unalloyed with deep suffering to the conqueror, as his own words prove in letters written on the following day.

“TO THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

“*Bruxelles, 19th June, 1815.*

“You will readily give credit to the existence of the extreme grief with which I announce to you the death of your gallant brother, in consequence

of a wound received in our great battle of yesterday. He had served me most zealously and usefully for many years, and on many trying occasions, but he had never rendered himself more useful, and had never distinguished himself more, than in our late actions. He received the wound which occasioned his death, when rallying one of the Brunswick battalions, which was shaking a little; and he lived long enough to be informed by myself of the glorious result of our actions, to which he had so much contributed by his active and zealous assistance. I cannot express to you the regret and sorrow with which I look round me, and contemplate the loss which I have sustained—particularly in your brother. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me; and I cannot suggest it as any to you, and his friends; but I hope that it may be expected that this last one is so decisive, as that no doubt remains that our exertions and our individual losses will be rewarded by the early attainment of our just object. It is then that the glory of the actions in which our friends and relations have fallen, will be some consolation for their loss.”*

“ TO THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

“ *Bruxelles, 19th June, 1814.*

“ I am very sorry to have to acquaint you that

* Despatches.

your brother Fitz Roy is very severely wounded, and has lost his right arm. I have just seen him, and he is perfectly free from fever, and as well as any body could be under such circumstances. You are aware how useful he has always been to me, and how much I shall feel the want of his assistance, and what a regard and affection I feel for him; and you will readily believe how much concerned I am for his misfortune.

“Indeed, the losses I have sustained have quite broken me down, and I have no feeling for the advantages we have acquired. I hope, however, that your brother will soon be able to join me again, and that he will long live to be, as he is likely to become, an honour to his country as he is a satisfaction to his family and friends.”*

The Duke is said to have remarked in the same spirit, — “There is nothing so dreadful as a defeat, except a victory.”

But we have an additional proof of the deep feeling with which he regarded the loss of his brave troops, from the pen of his medical attendant at that time: — “On the morning after the fight of Waterloo, orders were transmitted to the proper authorities to make the usual specific account of killed and wounded, and, forthwith, to bring it to the Commander-in-Chief. Dr. Hume, principal medical attendant to his Grace’s Staff, on preparing the list, hastened to the Duke’s tent, and, giving the

* Despatches.

pass-word, was ushered in by the sentinel. Here the doctor found himself at a stand. His Grace was asleep. The doctor was aware of the fatigue the Duke's system had undergone, and hesitated to awake him. The order of the Duke, on the other hand, had been issued with more than usual peremptoriness. The doctor wound up his courage to the sticking point, and gave the Duke a shake. In an instant his Grace, dressed as he had been, in full regimentals, was sitting on the bed side. 'Read,' was the significant command. For more than an hour had the doctor read aloud the harrowing list, and then his voice failed, and his throat choked with emotion. He tried to continue, but could not. Instinctively, he raised his eyes to the Duke. The Duke was still sitting with his hands raised, and clasped convulsively before him. Big tears were coursing down his cheeks, and dropping one by one on his decorated breast. In a moment the Duke was conscious of the doctor's silence, and, recovering himself, looked up and caught his eye. 'Read on,' was the stern command; and while his physician continued for hours, the 'Iron Duke' sat by the bedside clasping his hands, and rocking his body to and fro with emotion. Such was the man some of whose contemporaries charge with want of feeling and apathy!"

Meantime the Emperor, closely pursued by the Prussians, reached Paris on the 21st, and was the

first to confirm the news of his total defeat. His agitation was such that he could hardly articulate. "The army," said he, "has performed prodigies, but a sudden panic seized it, and all has been lost. Ney conducted himself like a madman; he made my cavalry be massacred. I can do no more. I must have two hours of repose and a warm bath before I can attend to business."* The greatest confusion reigned in Paris. The Assembly called on him to abdicate,—they gave him only an hour to consider his reply. "Let us wait an hour," cried Lucien. "An hour, but no more," replied Solignac. "If the answer is not then returned," said La Fayette, "I will move his dethronement." "The Chamber," said Napoleon, "is composed of Jacobins, of madmen, who wish power and disorder. Dethrone me! They would not dare." "In an hour," replied Regnaud de St. Angely, "your dethronement, on the motion of La Fayette, will be irrevocably pronounced; they have given you only an hour's grace. Do you hear? only an hour." Napoleon then turned with a bitter smile to Fouché, and said, "Write to these gentlemen to keep themselves quiet; they shall be satisfied."* This was followed by a formal abdication in favour of his son, whom he named Napoleon II.

Wellington lost no time in arranging measures to pursue Napoleon, but his first step was to issue

* Alison.

a proclamation to secure the French from being sufferers by the march of the troops.

“As the army is about to enter the French territory,” he says, “the Field Marshal desires it may be understood, by the troops of the several nations composing the army which he has the honour to command, that their Sovereigns are in alliance with the King of France, and that France therefore must be considered as a friendly country. No article is to be taken from any individual, by any officer or soldier, without payment for the same. The commissaries of the army will supply the troops with all that they require in the usual manner, and no requisition is to be made direct on the country or its magistrates, by any officer or soldier.”*

His own conviction was, that the battle of Waterloo had produced effects which would be final. “I may be wrong,” he writes, “but my opinion is, that we have given Napoleon his death-blow. From all I hear his army is totally destroyed; the men are deserting in parties; even the Generals are withdrawing from him; the infantry throw away their arms, and the cavalry and artillery sell their horses to the people of the country, and desert to their homes. Allowing for much exaggeration in this account, I am still of opinion that he can make no head against us—qu’il n’a qu’à se pendre.”*

* Despatches.

On hearing the news of the Emperor's abdication, Wellington wrote to Earl Bathurst, dated 25th June: "The object of the alliance of the Powers of Europe is declared"—"to be, to force Napoleon Bonaparte to desist from his projects, and to place him in a situation in which he shall no longer have it in his power to disturb the peace of the world. I could not consider his abdication of an usurped power in favour of his son, and his handing over the government, provisionally, to five persons named by himself, to be that description of security which the Allies had in view, which should induce them to lay down their arms, and, therefore, I continue my operations. All accounts concur in stating that it is impossible for the enemy to collect an army to make head against us."* And in reply to an application from the French Commissioners to suspend hostilities, he replied, that however desirous he was to prevent the further effusion of blood, he could consent to no such armistice. They then applied to him for a passport to allow the fallen Monarch to go to America. He replied: "The Field Marshal has no authority from his Government, or from the Allies, to give any answer to the demand of a passport, and assurances of safety for Napoleon Bonaparte and his family, to pass to the United States of America."

Blucher and Wellington accordingly continued

* Despatches.

their march towards Paris, taking possession as they proceeded of Cambrai, Peronne, and other cities. Writing to the Earl of Liverpool, the Duke says:—

“Orville, 28th June, 1815.—You will see in my letter to Lord Bathurst, the account of the state of things here, which I hope we shall bring to the conclusion we all wish for, without firing another shot.”*

At the same date, he writes:—

“General —— has been here this day, to negotiate for Napoleon’s passing to America; to which proposition I have answered, that I have no authority. The Prussians think the Jacobites wish to give him over to me, believing that I will save his life. —— wishes to kill him; but I have told him that I shall remonstrate, and shall insist on his being disposed of by common accord. I have, likewise said that as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with so foul a transaction; and that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in these transactions to become executioners; and that I was determined, that if the Sovereigns wished to put him to death, they should appoint an executioner, which should not be me.”*

On July 2nd, he received a letter from the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of York, in which he says, “I have infinite pleasure in communi-

* Despatches.

cating to your Grace the high feeling of satisfaction and approbation with which the Prince Regent has viewed the conduct of the troops upon the memorable day of the 18th. No language can do justice to the sense his Royal Highness entertains of that distinguished merit which has surpassed even all former instances of their characteristic firmness and discipline; allow me to desire that your Grace will also accept yourself, and convey in my name to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and troops under your command, the thanks of his Royal Highness, for the great and important services which they have rendered their grateful country." *

The Duke's most earnest wish was, to save Paris from the ruin which threatened it; and he wrote to Blucher to suggest that they should agree to an armistice—the terms of which he proposed. "By adopting this measure," he says, "we provide for the quiet restoration of his Majesty to his throne; which is that result of the war, which the Sovereigns of all of us, have always considered the most beneficial for us all, and the most likely to lead to permanent peace in Europe. It is true we shall not have the vain triumph of entering Paris at the head of our victorious troops. I doubt on having the means at present of succeeding in an attack upon Paris; and if we are to wait till the arrival of Marshal Prince Wrede

* Despatches.

to make the attack, I think we shall find the Sovereigns disposed, as they were last year, to spare the capital of their ally; and either not to enter the town at all, or enter it under an armistice, such as it is in your power and mine to sign this day." *

He wrote also to the French Commissioners to say that "he had the greatest desire to save the capital from the dangers which menaced it;" and at length a capitulation was concluded, and on July 7th, the English and Prussians marched triumphantly into Paris, and took military possession, the English encamping in the Bois de Boulogne. The next day, Louis XVIII. made his public entrée into his capital, Napoleon having quitted it, and gone to Malmaison. The Ex-Emperor then set out for Rochefort, in order to sail to America with all the riches which he had managed to gather together; but the English had carefully blockaded every point of escape, and at length, seeing no hope of accomplishing his object, "he sent to Captain Maitland, of the *Bellerophon*, the following letter, addressed to the Prince Regent,—'Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and to the hostility of the great Powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to seat myself by the hearth of the British people. I put myself under the protection of its laws, and claim it from your Royal Highness,

* Despatches.

as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.' On the following day he embarked on board the *Bellerophon*, and was received with the honours due to his rank as a General, by Captain Maitland, who immediately set sail with his noble prisoner for the British shores."* His utter disregard of the treaty he had entered into when sent to Elba, made it impossible to maintain the peace of Europe without placing him in security. The Allied Sovereigns decided, finally, that he should be sent to the Island of St. Helena, on the west coast of Africa, and kept there under strict guard. Napoleon protested vehemently against this resolution, but after remaining for a fortnight in the Plymouth Roads, he was removed on board the *Northumberland*, and reached St. Helena on Oct. 16th, the place of his final exile.†

The bitter hatred of the Prussians to the French was shown in the desire of Blucher to destroy the bridge of Jena, in Paris, and he was only prevented from doing so by the interference of the Duke of Wellington. The wonderful forbearance of the English, and their strict discipline, so struck Louis XVIII., that he requested Wellington to present his principal officers to him, at the Tuilleries, and forming them in a circle round him, he said: "Gentlemen, I am happy to see you around me. I have to thank you, gentlemen, not for your valour—I

* Alison.

† He died at St. Helena, May 5th, 1821.

leave that to others—but for your humanity to my poor people. I thank you, gentlemen, as a Father, in the name of his children.”* Before quitting Paris the British troops were reviewed at St. Denis, to the number of 60,000, some of the Duke's former army having rejoined him, and the Russians to the amount of 160,000. During his stay at Paris, Wellington's life was twice attempted: once, gunpowder was placed in his cellars, with a view of blowing up his house, and the second time he was fired at by Cantillon, as he was entering the gates of his hotel, in a carriage.

Nothing marks more strongly the different characters of the two greatest generals of the age than this, that, whilst Wellington said, “When war is concluded, all animosity should be forgotten;” Napoleon, bearing bitter hatred in his heart, writing his will on the rock of St. Helena, bequeathed 10,000 francs to Cantillon, for having attempted the murder of his rival!

The generosity of the Duke was still further shown in his insisting on the immediate evacuation of France by the Allies, when, as Generalissimo of all the forces, he would have derived an immense income from its proposed occupation during five years.

At length, peace was firmly established between all the Powers of Europe: France was restored to its legitimate sovereign, and ancient limits, and

* Alison.

the enormous spoils Napoleon had taken from the conquered countries were restored to their original possessors. Almost all the allied monarchs gave the Duke the rank of Field Marshal in their respective armies, besides honorary titles and distinctions, which were heaped upon him both from them and from his grateful country. Splendid illuminations took place on his return to England; and a public thanksgiving was appointed in all the churches on July 9. Large subscriptions were entered into, for the widows and orphans of the soldiers who had fallen in battle; and the Duke relinquished, for the same object, half the parliamentary award, due to him for the Peninsula prize property. All the regiments who had been in the great battle were permitted, from that time, to have Waterloo on their banners; and every private soldier had a silver medal presented to him, and was allowed to reckon that day as two years' service. The estate of Strathfieldsaye, in Hampshire, was purchased for the Duke, as a perpetual memorial of his past services. He also received from various foreign princes magnificent testimonials of the deep debt of gratitude they owed to him.

It is said that Louis XVIII. offered to invest Blucher with the Order of the Holy Ghost; but that, from his hatred of France, he refused it. After the Duke had tried in vain to persuade him to accept it, he said, "If I do, I will hang the

Order on me, behind." "And if you do," observed the Duke, "you will show how much you value it, by hanging it where the enemy will never see it."

Thus had Wellington, at the age of forty-five, been the instrument, in the hand of God, not only of conquering a great part of India, and securing that vast peninsula to the British nation ; but of delivering Europe from the iron rule of a tyrant, through difficulties, discouragements, and trials which would have crushed any spirit but that of one, who felt intensely, that the straight road of duty must ultimately prove the road to victory.



CHAPTER VII.

Lemoinne on Wellington—Alison—Descent of the Duke from Alfred the Great—Appointed Ambassador to Aix-la-Chapelle and Verona—The Slave-trade—William Allen—Strathfield-saye—Copenhagen—Cottages—Anecdote—The Duke's Character—Official Appointments—Extracts from French Journal—Embassy to St. Petersburg—The Corn-laws—Iron-blinds—1848—Special Constables—Memorial on India—June 18th—Van Amberg—Scotch Stories—Daily Life—The Duke's Secretary—Despatches—Letters—Sir Robert Peel—Titles—Pictures and Statues—The Crystal Palace—Oxford Examinations—The Duke's last Public Act—Benevolence—Religion.

“NAPOLEON,” says a French writer, “did not at all understand Wellington. He saw him rising from success to success; he thought he would do like himself, and never stop. He said at St. Helena, We shall see now what Wellington will do. He mistook him greatly. Wellington would never have crossed the Rubicon, and he so little thought of making himself a king, that he said he was not fit to be prime minister.” *

The character of the two great generals whose histories were so closely connected with each other, has been ably drawn in these words:—“The personal and moral character of the two chiefs was

* Wellington from a French Point of View, by John Lemoinne.

strikingly opposed. Both were distinguished by the unwearied perseverance, the steady purpose, the magnanimous soul, which are essential to glorious achievements; both were provident in council and vigorous in execution; both possessed personal intrepidity in the highest degree; both were indefatigable in activity, and iron in constitution; both enjoyed the rarer qualities of moral courage and fearless determination. But in other respects their minds were as opposite as the poles are asunder. Napoleon was covetous of glory, Wellington was impressed with duty; Napoleon was reckless of slaughter, Wellington was sparing of blood; Napoleon was careless of his word, Wellington was inviolate in faith. Treaties were regarded by the former as binding only when expedient, alliances valid only when useful; obligations were regarded by the latter as obligatory though ruinous; conventions sacred even when disgraceful. Napoleon's wasting warfare converted allies into enemies; Wellington's protecting discipline changed enemies into friends; the former fell because all Europe rose up against his oppression; the latter triumphed because all Europe joined to share in his protection.

“There is not a proclamation of Napoleon to his soldiers in which glory is not mentioned, and duty forgotten; there is not an order of Wellington to his troops in which duty is not inculcated, nor one in which glory is alluded to. Singleness of heart

was the great characteristic of the British hero, a sense of duty his ruling principle; falsehood pervaded the French conqueror, the thirst for glory was his invariable motive. The former proceeded on the belief that the means, if justifiable, would finally work out the end; the latter on the maxim that the end would in every case justify the means. Napoleon placed himself at the head of Europe, and desolated it for fifteen years with his warfare; Europe placed Wellington at the head of its armies, and he gave it more than thirty years of unbroken peace. The one exhibited the most shining example of splendid talents devoted to temporal ambition; the other the noblest instance of moral influence directed to exalted purposes. The former was in the end led to ruin, while blindly following the phantom of worldly greatness; the latter was unambitiously conducted to final greatness while only following the star of public duty." *

Though Wellington's talents had been so strikingly displayed in war, yet he was a sincere lover of peace, and he only regarded war as lawful, that it might establish peace on a sure foundation. "War," he says, "is a terrible evil, especially to those who reside in those parts of the country which are the seat of the operations of hostile armies." † From the Peace of Paris in 1815 the Duke's constant influence was used to preserve it unbroken, whatever sacrifices it might cost to do

* Alison.

† Despatches.

so. "Wellington was a warrior, but he was so only to become a pacificator; he has shed the blood of man, but it was only to stop the shedding of human blood; he has borne aloft the sword of conquest, but it was only to plant in its stead the emblems of mercy; he has conquered the love of glory, the last infirmity of noble minds, by the love of peace, the first grace of the Christian character." For this end his voice was always raised in the senate, and in all the negotiations with which he was entrusted as an ambassador. When war was ended, those who had been his fiercest opponents were treated as friends; even Soult was an honoured guest at Apsley House.

In addition to the illustrious descent of the Duke from Edward I., which has been already mentioned, it is an interesting and curious fact, that his Grace was thirty-third in a direct line from Alfred the Great, a name so dear to every Englishman, and whose virtues and talents he in so many points inherited.

The state of warfare which had so long desolated Europe, made the final adjustment of the claims of the different countries an intricate matter to arrange. The universal respect and admiration entertained for the Duke by all the Continental powers, and his clear, calm judgment, and intense love of truth and justice, made him the fittest agent whom England could appoint to represent her, as an ambassador. He accordingly was accre-

dited to meet the allied powers, first at Aix la Chapelle in 1818; and afterwards, at Verona, in 1822.

One important question to be considered between the monarchs was that of slavery. The English Quakers had always taken an active part in the abolition of this abominable traffic in human beings. In order to forward an object they had so much at heart, they deputed William Allen, a member of their Society, to go to Verona, to watch the progress of the business, and to communicate with the Duke on the subject. Notwithstanding the weighty affairs which rested on the English ambassador, William Allen says, "He encourages me to go to him, whenever I wish it"—"he behaves to me in the kindest manner." He entered into his wishes not only on this subject, but on others which he ventured to lay before him. "We are here," said the Duke to him, on one occasion, "to prevent the great powers from oppressing the lesser, *to prevent interference.*" "Another day," William Allen says, "after dinner, as I was going up to Sir James Wylie's, I heard some one pretty near, call "Allen," but thinking it unlikely that any one should know me, I walked on.—It was, however, repeated, and turning round, I saw the Duke of Wellington, dressed quite as a private gentleman. He spoke to me very kindly, and made me walk with him towards the Corso. I told him of my desire to

see the French Minister, and he very kindly offered me an introduction, desiring me to call for it, at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. I called by appointment on the Duke of Wellington, who was very kind, and said he had spoken to the Count de Montmorenci, about me last evening, and gave me a letter of introduction to him." "Afterwards," he says, "I waited on the Duke, and had a most satisfactory interview. I told him, as General Macaulay was here, I did not see that it was necessary for me to remain longer, and I expressed my gratitude to him for the kindness and attention he had shown me since my coming here. I mentioned to him that there were several objects on my way home, which it appeared my duty to attend to, and among the rest, to procure some information respecting the Waldenses in the Valley of Piedmont, near Turin. He behaved in the kindest manner, wishing me to do what appeared to me best; and with regard to the Waldenses, he said, that Canning had written to him on the subject, and it would come before Congress,—that he would give me a letter to the British Minister at Turin, the Hon. W. Hill, and that if I procured any information which I thought worth while to communicate, I might send it to him." "During William Allen's stay at Verona, the Duke of Wellington invited him to dinner, in order to meet some of the influential characters there assembled for the Congress. The kindness of the proposal was gratefully ac-

knowledge, but William Allen begged to decline the invitation, observing that he was only a humble individual, and did not wish to come forward, except where he had a duty to perform, and though he felt particularly obliged for the kind permission granted him, to wait upon the Duke whenever it appeared desirable, yet on this occasion he believed he should be more in his place, to remain rather in the shade. The apology was well received, and the Duke confessed that he might be right."

On another occasion :

"In taking leave," William Allen says, "I again thanked him, and said, 'May the Lord bless thy endeavours to preserve the peace of Europe.' We parted, I trust, with mutual feelings of respect." On the subject of the slave-trade, he says: "The Duke of Wellington, and Emperor of Russia, have behaved nobly on this business." He received a cordial invitation to call at Apsley House whenever he pleased, on the Duke's return to England. On January 25, 1823, he wrote to his Grace the following note: "W. Allen presents his respects to the Duke of Wellington, and begs to return his sincere thanks for the kind permission given him to wait on the Duke on his return to town, and, in the mean time, to write. In consequence of the noble manner in which the Duke advocated the cause of the oppressed Africans at Verona, W. Allen feels a strong sentiment of love and gratitude

towards him, and is desirous to be favoured with a short interview, at the Duke's convenience. W. Allen would have availed himself of the liberty given to write, if the subjects had been urgent; but he thinks that he can more satisfactorily express what he has to say in a private conversation, than by writing." This was followed by a very satisfactory interview with the Duke of Wellington. "He frankly told me the heads of what passed on the subject of the slave-trade after I had left Verona; and not only read to me the copy of his paper, containing the propositions which he made to Congress, but gave it to me." "He was so open and kind, that I took the opportunity of explaining to him our school concern, and the Scripture Lessons," &c. "On my taking leave, he wished me to come to him any second day I felt inclined." "April 20: Went up to the Duke of Wellington's without an appointment; but he kindly saw me directly, and I presented him with a set of our Scripture Lessons, &c." He obtained the Duke's leave to place his name as a Vice-President of the African Institution, and afterwards says: "Attended the committee. I mentioned how nobly the Duke of Wellington and the Emperor of Russia had behaved. I moved a vote of thanks to the Duke, which was carried." *

The estate of Strathfieldsaye, which the nation

* Life of William Allen.

had presented as a token of gratitude to its great Commander, was to be held by a curious yearly tribute to the Crown the presentation of a tri-colour flag on the 18th of June, in perpetual remembrance of the Battle of Waterloo. The Duke of Marlborough holds Blenheim by a similar title; and the flags of both hang side by side, in the armoury of Windsor Castle.

At Strathfieldsaye, Copenhagen, the noble steed which had borne his master for eighteen hours on the field of Waterloo, spent the last years of his life; and, at his death, he was buried in the grounds, and a suitable monument erected to his memory. The estate was found to be "a very bad investment of the public money," as it required so great an outlay for its improvement. The whole of the income it produced was devoted by the Duke to this purpose; and his talents were shown to be equally great when turned, like those of Cincinnatus, to the cultivation of the earth, as when engaged in the more exciting duties of war. The restoration of the church, and its proper endowment, he considered his first duty. It stands in the park, within a few minutes' walk of the house. Then he set himself to the improvement of his tenantry, the building of excellent school-rooms for the children of the parish, and admirable cottages for the poor; letting them at very low rents, and each one surrounded by a good garden. These substantial red brick houses

stand two and two together ; but the outer doors, instead of being, as is usually the case, in the middle, are placed at each end. It is said, that his Grace directed that they should be so built, that the cottagers might not spend their time in talking together, instead of attending to their duties to their families.

“Amidst the splendour of his public achievements, his conduct as a landed proprietor is apt to be forgotten ; yet he was one of the most liberal and improving landlords in the country. “The estate of Strathfieldsaye, which he used to say would have ruined any other man but himself, has had more done for it, in the shape of permanent improvements of draining, of chalking, of substantial farm premises, and such like, than perhaps any other single property in the south of England.”* An anecdote is related, respecting the Duke, which is a beautiful illustration of his character for high integrity. “A few years ago, one of his agents waited upon him with the pleasing intelligence, that a small estate, adjoining Strathfieldsaye, which the Duke had long wished to purchase, had been purchased for him for a certain sum, which the agent said was £2000 less than the value of the estate. ‘Is it,’ said his Grace ; ‘then take £2000 immediately to Mr. —. I will buy no man’s land for less than it is worth.’”†

One quality which the Duke possessed in a re-

* Illustrated News.

† Wellingtoniana.

markable degree, and which enabled him to get through more work than any other man ever accomplished, was, extreme punctuality. "He was as punctual as a watch, a watch always right," says a French writer. "With Frenchmen, who are always before or behind their time, he would not have been popular, nor at Athens; but in England he was entirely at home. When, in the Lords', he rose to speak, the House made silence. He spoke little; but every word of his struck right. He did not like to lose words, any more than in war to lose blood, or lose powder. There was always something substantial in what he said; half-an-hour's conversation with him was worth many hours with great politicians." * Precisely at the same hour every evening, he was seen passing to the House of Lords; strictly attending to his duties there, listening with patience to long debates, and sometimes with a few vigorous sentences bringing the whole to a point. On one occasion, in a memorable debate in the House of Lords, he never left his seat from five in the evening till five o'clock the next morning; paying the whole time the most marked attention to the arguments on both sides of the House.

The labours which devolved upon the Duke from the various offices which he held under Government, and which he fulfilled with the same scrupulous adherence to duty, were so numerous that one

* Lemoines.

of a less iron constitution, and less self-denying habits would have sunk under the weight of them. In 1818, he was made Master-General of the Ordnance. In 1819, Governor of Plymouth. In 1820, Colonel-in-chief of the Rifle Brigade. In 1826, Constable of the Tower, upon which he gave up the Governorship of Plymouth. In 1827, Commander-in-chief of the Forces, and Colonel of the Grenadier Guards. In 1829, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports: and in 1834, Chancellor of the University of Oxford. There was no office of importance or responsibility to which his talents were not equal, and which, when called to occupy, he did not sustain with the same loyalty and patriotism that had carried him through the trials and dangers of his Peninsular campaigns. In addition to the appointments already named, he was several times called to take an active part in the government of his country. In 1828, he was made First Lord of the Treasury; and, in 1834, he was intrusted by the King for a time with the whole charge of the government, and the Seals of the three Secretaries of State. Afterwards, when appointments were made to these offices, he continued to hold the position of Secretary of Foreign Affairs, besides being a member of the Privy Council.

It is pleasant to read in the Journals of France, such a testimony as the following to the character of Wellington: "A solid judgment, a cool reason, and a wonderful justness of perception, both on

the field of battle and in the cabinet; the most penetrating good sense, which amounted to a power which became genius; a perseverance which nothing could tire or turn aside, and the most unshakable firmness in great dangers. Such are some of the points which give the Duke of Wellington such a prominent figure in the history of the nineteenth century. It was at a giant's pace that Napoleon ran through a career that was to lead him for a moment to the head of human beings. By the rapidity of his ascension he dazzled the world, and everything with him took the character of a magic improvisation. His rival, on the contrary, rose with patient and modest slowness by courageous reflection. He never drew back, however; he always went forward, and his glory followed a progression which escaped all reverses. To speak warmly to the imagination of men, to fascinate them, to excite their enthusiasm, and to labour by every means to inspire them with an admiration mingled with a little terror, was the constant study of Napoleon, who was far from disdaining artifice to effect his purpose. The Duke of Wellington never thought but of speaking to the reason; he was never seen to do anything in a theatrical manner. Duty was the only rule which he admitted, and which he imposed on others. He had a horror of charlatanism and falsehood. He never sought to excite his soldiers, but sometimes he reminded them, that they had to

shed their blood, *because it was their duty.*" "It was in a free country, during thirty-seven years, from 1815 to 1852, the Duke of Wellington enjoyed an unequalled influence and authority. Placed by his birth, and more particularly by his glory, at the head of the English aristocracy, he belonged strictly speaking to no party. It may be said, that in the bosom of the constitutional liberty of his country, the Duke of Wellington exercised a kind of moral Dictatorship."*

In 1826, the Duke was again called upon to act as ambassador, in a special embassy to the court of St. Petersburg. A high compliment was paid him whilst there, by the Czar, who wrote him a letter, saying, that in consequence of his distinguished services, he meant hereafter to call the Smolensk regiment, which had been organized by Peter the Great, by the name of the Wellington regiment.

For the children of England, for whom this memoir is chiefly intended, it would be unsuitable and uninteresting to enter into details of the political life of the Duke, which they will more fully understand in after years. It is enough to mention a few particulars of that portion of his life, which was marked by the same unflinching desire to do his duty, whether it brought him popularity or the reverse. He was never swayed by ambition or the love of power, and though he had honours and privileges bestowed on him, which no man besides

* Assemblée Nationale.

had ever possessed, yet his conduct was so transparent and upright, that he was never a mark for envy, nor did his bitterest opponents doubt but that he had fairly earned his fame. He was employed in the councils of successive monarchs, George IV., William IV., and lastly, his honoured and beloved Queen, for whom he always evinced the most devoted and loyal attachment, and whose chosen adviser he continued to the last day of his life. In all cases of emergency the Duke was looked to as the last appeal, the wisest counsellor, the man whose clear judgment could not be darkened, and whose undaunted courage nothing could appal. The very fact of his being called "*the Duke*" was a distinction universally granted to him, notwithstanding the many honoured names who hold a similar title. Yet even in his life strange contrasts appear, and the conqueror of Napoleon was exposed to danger in his own country in consequence of his taking an unpopular side in Parliament on the subject of the Corn Bill. The lower orders of the people were so incensed against him that it was thought unsafe for him to attend a banquet given at the Mansion House. After this the mob surrounded Apsley House, and fired at his windows; some of the balls passed through, and injured a picture hanging on the walls. In consequence of this disgraceful conduct the Duke ordered iron blinds to be hung on the outside, which remain there still. It is said

that when the conversation once happened to turn from them, to the events which caused them to be placed there, the Duke laughed; "They shall stay where they are," was his remark, "as a monument of the gullibility of a mob, and the worthlessness of that sort of popularity for which they who give it can assign no reason. I don't blame the men that broke my windows; they only did what they were instigated to do by others who ought to have known better. But if any one be disposed to grow giddy with popular applause, I think a glance towards these iron shutters will soon sober him." * One of his own great battle-fields might be described as a fit emblem of his life—a hard-fought conflict, varying in success, but in the end always triumphant over his enemies.

In the year 1848 remarkable revolutions took place over the whole continent of Europe; many of the governments were suddenly overthrown; the French monarch and his court again took refuge in England, and like an earthquake, in which the vibratory motion is felt at a great distance, even in those places which cannot be affected by its eruption, much discontent arose amongst the lower orders in England. They fancied themselves oppressed by the upper classes, and resolved to take the matter into their own hands, and try and force the government to grant them a charter, which they thought would raise them into a differ-

* Wellingtoniana.

ent position in society, and put every thing upon an equality. Many who professed to be members of their body were really unprincipled men, who in hopes of obtaining reward by the conviction of their accomplices, urged them on to more violent measures than they would otherwise have ventured to adopt. At length they resolved to meet armed in enormous numbers on Kennington Common and in other parts around London. Thousands were to march up to reinforce them from all parts of the country, and to enter London on different sides, to take possession of the bridges and public buildings; oblige every one they met to sign their petition, and then carry it up to the Houses of Parliament, and force the members to grant it by compulsion. Great terror was excited by these threats, and the 10th of April was fixed on as the day when the plot was to be put into execution. Here was a moment in which the calm wisdom of the Duke was fully called forth. To him was confided the arrangements to repel the danger, and so wonderfully and secretly did he arrange his measures, that that never-to-be-forgotten day passed off in perfect quiet. Military preparations were made in all parts of the metropolis, foot and horse soldiers brought up from the country, and bodies of them placed in reserve at all points of danger, but with orders not to show themselves unless it was absolutely necessary. The Bank and other public buildings were covered with

sand-bags and other means of defence to prevent attack ; all persons not required for the protection of the city were ordered to remain in their houses to prevent the assembling of crowds, and the shops were to be shut ; and all peaceable citizens invited to enrol their names as special constables for the day, each armed with a club. These were appointed, together with the regular police, to keep every part of the metropolis guarded, and so complete was the defence that the disaffected thousands who assembled found it impossible to make the slightest movement ; and after vain harangues, and some of their number being taken, and the rest nearly starved for want of provisions, they had no alternative but to disperse as they came. Such was the triumph of the Duke's peaceful policy. It must not be forgotten that amongst those special constables who formed the Duke's army on that day, was a poor French exile who, by one of those strange changes which sometimes happen, is now the ruling French Emperor Napoleon III.

On another and later occasion, when the affairs of India were in some perplexity, the Duke was applied to for advice as to the right measures to be adopted. He drew up a memorial for the use of the government, in which he entered into the most minute account of all its territories and the places they contained in the three presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, with a plan for their defence. "It was full of geographical details. It had been

written, he said, without reference to a map or gazetteer."*

His unrivalled success in war is mentioned by the same writer. "I asked him whether he could form any calculation of the number of guns he had taken in the course of his career?" "No," he replied; "not with any accuracy; somewhere about 3000 I should guess. At Oporto, after the passage of the Douro, I took the entire siege-train of the enemy; at Vitoria and Waterloo, I took every gun which they had in the field. What, however, is more extraordinary, *'I don't think I ever lost a gun in the field.* After the battle of Salamanca, three of my guns attached to some Portuguese cavalry, were captured in a trifling affair, near Madrid, but they were recovered the next day. In the Pyrenees, Lord Hill found himself obliged to throw eight or nine guns over a precipice, but these also were recovered, and never fell into the enemy's hand at all."†

June 18th was always celebrated by the Duke, as a grand festival to those officers who fought with him at the Battle of Waterloo. On that occasion were displayed the magnificent gifts of plate, both gold and silver, presented to him by various foreign princes, and the splendored silver shield given by the City of London, valued altogether at £300,000. At the foot of the grand

* Life and Character of the Duke of Wellington, by Lord Ellesmere.

† Ibid.

staircase by which they ascended to the Banquet-room, in Apsley House, stands the colossal statue of Napoleon, by Canova, which he ordered, to adorn his own palace at Versailles. It holds the world with a winged Victory in one hand, and a brass rod in the other. When in the artist's studio, it was seen by an English nobleman, who remarked, "that the world appeared to him of very small proportions." "Certainly," replied the artist, "for England and her possessions are not included." This statue was presented by the allied sovereigns to the Conqueror to whom they felt so deeply indebted.

Though the walls of Apsley House are covered with paintings, many of them of great value, and one room is devoted to the portraits of those who were engaged in the arduous struggle which ended with the battle of Waterloo, not a single picture of the Duke himself is to be seen amongst them.

A very interesting anecdote of one of these pictures was related to the writer. At the time when Van Amberg was exhibiting his feats in London, the Duke was present. He was more interested and excited by this display of man's power over savage animals, than he had ever been known to be before, by any exhibition. It seemed to impress his mind so deeply, than an illness, which he had soon after, was partly attributed to this cause. He went four times himself to Landseer, to beg him to paint an exact representation of what he had seen, offering him a thousand guineas for the work.

The picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy, represents Van Amberg standing within an iron railing, commanding the lion and tiger and other beasts into obedience. The Duke's mind still dwelt upon this subject; and suddenly calling his servant to him one day, he desired him to fetch his Bible. He turned over the leaves, and then said, "I have it—this explains it." Then he ordered that the frame should be made in which the picture is hung, with these words on the top of it:—"Genesis i. 26.—And God said, let us make man in Our image, after Our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." And at the bottom of the frame, these words:—Genesis i. part of 28th verse—"Have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

Very pleasing stories are told of the kindly manner in which those were received who ventured without a formal introduction to approach his Grace.—"Some twenty years since, when the Duke was Prime Minister, one morning a clerk of the Ordnance Office was called upon by a gentleman, a native of the same place, in the North of Scotland, with himself, who then for the first time had visited England. He stated that he had that morning arrived, and had come to him to in-

roduce him to the Duke of Wellington." "I! I, introduce you to the Duke? The thing is out of the question, my good friend; but, as you seem bent on it, and have come up from Scotland for no other purpose, possibly if you will go to Apsley House, and make known the purport of your calling, the porter may be able to procure you an interview." Disappointed, but nothing daunted, the old Scotch gentleman wended his way up to St. James's Street, and along Piccadilly, until he arrived at the house of the great Captain. On the gate being opened, he informed the porter, that he desired to see the Duke of Wellington. "Have you an appointment with the Duke?" inquired the faithful sentinel; "No, but I wish particularly to see him." There must have been something peculiarly winning, if not commanding, in the manner and appearance of the venerable stranger, with his silver locks hanging on his shoulders; and, who now, without introduction, without a previous appointment, with much earnestness, was wishing to see the great lord of the mansion, for the porter, after a while, said, "Sir, if you will give me your card I will see what can be done." In a few minutes the porter returned, desiring the stranger to walk into the house, when he was shown into a room. He had been there but a short time, when the Duke came in, with the card in his hand, saying, "Mr. Robertson, what is your business with me? I can afford you ten minutes." "Your

Grace," said the patriarchal old man, his face beaming with intelligence, and his countenance brightening with satisfaction, "I have attentively watched your Grace's career, from the day you were an ensign up to the present hour. I am now, as your Grace sees, a very old man, and must soon leave this world; but I felt that I could not be gathered to my fathers in peace, without having beheld your Grace. I arrived from Scotland this morning with this sole object. The only wish I had on earth is now gratified; and to-morrow morning I shall set off on my way home again." "Well, Mr. Robertson," said the Duke, "next to the honours I have received from my Sovereign, this is certainly the greatest compliment ever paid me. I am now obliged to leave you, but you will come here to dinner at seven o'clock; and to-morrow I am going down to Windsor, and shall be happy to take you with me." "No;" replied Mr. Robertson, much affected by the interview, "I have seen your Grace: the longing of my heart is gratified. I want nothing else."—And with a profound bow he took his leave.*

Another story of a similar kind is told by one who well knows the person to whom it occurred. "A young man, the son of a minister of the Church of Scotland, about twenty-one years ago, was very anxious to obtain a commission in the army. He left his mother's house in Edinburgh and walked

* Naval and Military Gazette.

to London, resolved, if possible, to see the Duke, and obtain the object of his ambition. He was admitted to an audience, and told his simple story. His father had been a minister; that his mother was a widow. The Duke said very little, but asked the young man his address. The youth walked back to Edinburgh uncertain if he had made any impression on his Grace. On reaching his home what did he find? His commission signed and sealed on his mother's table." *

In reading the history of a great man it is always interesting to know something of the habits of his daily life, in which so much of character is shown; and when we look into those of the Duke of Wellington we are struck with the soldier-like simplicity that marks them. He always accustomed himself, even to old age, to rise at an early hour, and before most people had left their beds, he had accomplished many hours' work. His bedrooms and furniture were of the plainest and simplest kind. He slept on a small iron bedstead without curtains, with a hard mattress and a horse-hair pillow. The room in which he died at Walmer Castle was of this kind, only that it contained his bookcase, and was at once his bedroom, library, and sitting-room. He breakfasted always at nine on the plainest food, and seldom took any refreshment again till his dinner at seven, when his perfect indifference to the luxuries of the table, were said to be a great

* Glasgow Constitutional.

trial to his French cook. He drank neither wine nor spirits, but generally iced water; and to these habits of strict temperance, which he began so early as his life in India, he attributed his iron constitution and vigour of mind. He accustomed himself to much daily exercise both in walking and riding, which he was able to continue till the last day of his life. The devoted attachment of his domestics to him proved what he was as a master, and many of them have grown old in his service.

His generous consideration of those whom he employed was manifested in the case of a Secretary who had been recommended to his Grace, but whom he found, after his appointment, to be so deaf that it was difficult to communicate with him. Unwilling to grieve him by a dismissal, and feeling no doubt much sympathy for one whose infirmity resembled his own, after a protracted trial the Duke kindly intimated to him, that he had then no further need of his services. "Would not you like, sir," said he, "to go to Scotland to see your friends? I shall send for you when I require you." The worthy farmer returned to Tweedside, and the Duke regularly sent him his salary, the good man carefully avoiding any engagement which might interfere with his expected recall, to Apsley House. This fact was communicated to the writer, by a distant relative of the ex-secretary.

It is seldom the case that one who is distinguished in active service is likewise a clear and

vigorous writer; and till the publication of the Duke of Wellington's Despatches his powers of mind were not at all appreciated even by his countrymen. This work, which fills ten thick volumes, displays the most remarkable vigour of thought and expression, and is written in the purest English style, simple and unornamented, but containing the clearest accounts of his wonderful achievements, and of all the plans and arrangements which he carried out, whilst commanding the armies of India and the Peninsula. When we know that many of these Despatches were written even on the battle field, or in the midst of the bustle of a camp, and see from them the weight of affairs that devolved upon him alone, we are as much struck with his genius as a writer as with his skill as a commander. The spirit of this work is best given in his own words: "Some Frenchman has said that the word *duty* is to be found in every page of my Despatches, and the word *glory* not once. This is meant, I am told, as a reproach; but the foolish fellow does not see that if mere *glory* had been my *object*, the doing my *duty* must have been the *means*."

The habit of promptly replying to every letter which he received, involved the Duke in an immense correspondence, especially as many persons wholly unknown to him, availed themselves of this circumstance to obtain his autograph.

The following anecdote is a specimen in proof of this:—Soon after his appointment to the office of

Constable of the Tower, a lady (a friend of the writer's) went with a party to see the regalia. The price at that time charged for each person was so enormous, that, knowing the Duke's willingness to correct abuses, she addressed him on the subject, intimating that, the regalia being a national sight, it was desirable that it should be within the power of the people to visit it. She soon received the following reply from the Duke :—

“ London, August 3rd, 1838.

“The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mrs. —, and begs permission to inform her, in answer to her letter, that he has nothing to say to showing the regalia, or anything else in the Tower, excepting to order the Wardens to attend.”

Very shortly after the fees were considerably reduced, and Mrs. — flattered herself that her application might have had some influence in producing the change. The Duke's opinion and advice were so constantly sought on all subjects, the writers enclosing documents of value for his consideration, that he kept on his table strips of paper with these words printed on them, “Avoid to impose upon others, the care of original papers, which you wish to preserve.” One of these slips was always sent back to the owner of the papers when he returned them.

His punctuality in the weekly discharge of every debt, was an example worthy of imitation.

It was seldom that he showed any strong emotion; but on one memorable occasion, when he rose to speak in the House of Lords, after the sudden death of Sir Robert Peel, with whom he had long been associated both in office and as a private friend, his feelings completely overcame him, and he shed tears as he said, "Your Lordships must all feel the high and honourable character of the late Sir Robert Peel. I was long connected with him in public life. We were both in the councils of our Sovereign together, and I had long the honour to enjoy his private friendship. In all the course of my acquaintance with Sir Robert Peel I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him, I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to *truth*; and I never saw in the whole course of my life, the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact. My Lords, I could not let this conversation close without stating that which I believe to have been the strongest characteristic feature of his character. I again repeat to you, my Lords, my satisfaction on hearing the sentiments of regret which you have expressed for his loss."

Several times in the course of this memoir, the

titles have been mentioned, which were bestowed on the Duke of Wellington, in consequence of his brilliant victories. They form together such a list as no other hero could ever boast. They are:—Arthur Wellesley, Duke and Marquis of Wellington, in the County of Somerset; Marquis of Douro; Earl of Wellington, County of Somerset; Viscount Wellington of Talavera and of Wellington, and Baron Douro of Wellesley, both in the same County; in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, K.G. and G.C.B.; Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands; Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and a Grandee of Spain, of the first class; Duke of Vittoria, Marquis of Torres Vedras, and Count Vimiero, in Portugal; Knight of the Foreign Orders of St. Andrew, St. Alexander Newsky, and St. George of Russia; the Black Eagle, of Prussia; the Golden Fleece, of Spain; the Elephant, of Denmark; St. Ferdinand and Merit, and St. Januarius, of the two Sicilies; Maximilian Joseph, of Bavaria; Maria Theresa, of Austria; The Sword, of Sweden; the Holy Ghost, of France; the Tower and Sword of Portugal; and William of the Netherlands; a Field-Marshal in the Army; also in the armies of the Emperors of Austria and Russia; the Kings of Prussia, Portugal, and the Netherlands; and Captain-General of the Armies of the King of Spain; Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, and Colonel-in-chief of the Rifle Brigade; P.C.; Constable of the Tower, and of Dover Castle;

Warden, Chancellor, and Admiral of the Cinque Ports; Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire and of the Tower Hamlets; Chancellor of the University of Oxford; Commissioner of the Royal Military College and the Royal Military Asylum; an Elder Brother of the Trinity House; a Governor of King's College, London, and of the Charter House and D.C.L.* Louis XVIII. added to these titles, those of Marshal of France, and Duke of Brunoy; and afterwards the Duke became Commander-in-chief of the English army.

Dazzling as such honours were, they never seemed to have warped the mind of the hero who wore them from its simplicity. He worked as hard to the last day of his life, in fulfilling the duties of his various callings, as if he had still a reputation to earn.

“Why is it that no one grudges him the honours and rewards which a grateful country has showered upon him? It is because all feel and know, that though he did not despise or repudiate those honours and rewards, he never sought them for themselves; but, living and acting for his duty alone, gained and wore them as natural accessories to the successful discharge of that duty. It is the recognition of this, which has reconciled men, former antagonists, to the success which was their own defeat.”†

Statues of the Duke adorn various parts of the

* Lodge's Peerage.

† Lord Ellesmere.

metropolis. One an equestrian bronze statue on his horse Copenhagen, stands nearly facing Apsley House; another within the Tower of London; a third at the Royal Exchange; and a colossal Achilles is placed in Hyde Park, with this inscription; "To Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions in arms, this statue of Achilles, cast from cannon, taken in the battles Salamanca, Vitoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo, is inscribed by their countrywomen." In Edinburgh and other cities similar testimonials are erected.

Notwithstanding his multiplied engagements, the Duke was ever ready to enter into society, was a constant guest in all the highest circles, and at the court of his Royal Mistress. On the birth of a Prince, on the day he attained his 81st year, her Majesty graciously conferred on him an honour which no subject had ever enjoyed before, that of naming her child after him, and appointing him to fulfil the office of Godfather to the young Prince.

The following year the Duke took a lively interest in the building of the Crystal Palace, which he frequently visited whilst in progress. On one occasion an amusing scene occurred. He entered the French department just as the exhibitors were unpacking two statuettes, those of himself and Napoleon. They immediately recognized the likeness, and inquired if they were not right. The Duke graciously bowed; and in that palace of

peace, and for the first time of his life, he was completely surrounded by the French.

No one who witnessed the brilliant scene of the opening of the Crystal Palace, on the anniversary of his 82nd birthday, May 1st, 1851, will ever forget the effect produced by his appearance there, leaning on the arm of his old Waterloo companion, the Marquis of Anglesea, and the shouts of gratulation which echoed through its walls, on that memorable day.

From thence he proceeded to the palace of his Sovereign to present to his youthful Godson a beautiful silver, and jewelled casket. The scene which then took place, has been beautifully embodied in a painting, which by the kind permission of the proprietor of the engraving, Mr. Colnaghi, forms the frontispiece of this memoir.

The Duke, in his repeated visits to the Crystal Palace, was often obliged to retire from the crowds by which he was surrounded, wherever he was recognized.

A proof of his devoted adherence to duty was shown in his perusing carefully a large dry volume of examinations respecting the application of the funds belonging to the Oxford University, because, as its Chancellor, he thought that he was bound to acquaint himself with these documents. Only a few pages remained unread, at the time of his death.

His last public act was in harmony with his

whole life. The defence of his country was a subject which had long occupied his thoughts ; he had both written and spoken strongly upon it, and had urged that much more vigorous measures should be adopted for this purpose. He was ever anxious to preserve peace, but he maintained that nothing was so likely to do so as to put the country in a situation of security, which would make foreign attacks unavailing. The militia bill, for raising an efficient internal force, had met with his warmest support. He was so anxious to see this carried out, that on the Saturday before his death, a special messenger waited at the government printing office, in order to convey a proof for his Grace's revision of the directions he had drawn up for regulating the uniform of the officers of the militia, that no time might be lost in sending the official document to the lords-lieutenants of counties.

Only one or two points remain to be considered before ending this chapter ; these are, the character of the Duke as a benevolent and a Christian man.

To one so perfectly truthful, sincere, and upright, anything like an empty profession would be revolting, and therefore the more heartily do we welcome the proofs which we possess, that the God who had kept him all his life long, who had raised him up as a mighty instrument of blessing, was more and more honoured and served by him as he drew nearer to the close of life. Lord Ellesmere, who says the Duke had favored him for thirty

years with his friendship, gives this testimony:—
“It has, I believe, been occasionally remarked that the Duke’s name was not so conspicuous as other names of eminence on lists of subscriptions to public charities. I do not know whether this was the case or not, but I am very confident that *few men gave more to charitable objects, in proportion to their means, than the Duke.* I am afraid that many observed more caution in their liberality. He was practical, however, in all things; and that Christianity which he sincerely professed, was of that kind which lets not the left hand know what the right doeth. There was much of the Samaritan, nothing of the Pharisee, in his religion. It required the agency of police investigation to expose to the public the fact, that a fictitious tale of distress had extorted from him upwards of £400. During the last visit I ever paid him at Strathfieldsaye, a lady present observed in the *Morning Chronicle* the report of an urgent case of distress of a young needlewoman. She mentioned it to the Duke, who took the paper, and read it without any remark at the moment. The next morning at breakfast he said, ‘I have written to the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and told him to provide, on my account, a free passage for that girl to Australia, and to put her in some respectable place till she can sail.’”*

Just after the imposition practised upon the

* Life and Character of the Duke of Wellington, by Lord Ellesmere.

Duke by the pretended wife of an officer in distress, a lady in very reduced circumstances having survived every relation she had on earth, and not knowing to whom to apply for help, determined to write to him. Her only plea was, that her brother, a lieutenant in the Peninsular army, had fallen at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, in 1812. It seemed scarcely likely that after the lapse of forty years his name could be remembered; but no sooner had his Grace read her memorial (which she showed to the writer) than he exclaimed, "He was a brave fellow; send her £20." She says, alluding to this communication, "You have my full permission to make use of or allude to this circumstance in any way you please. I only regret that the dear Duke's character requires any vindication on the subject of kindness, for the bravest are ever the most humane." This circumstance occurred in the latter end of May, 1852.

We have seen that from early youth he had been trained up in the way he should go, and that he felt and acknowledged that truth, we have his own words to confirm, spoken in the House of Lords:—
"It has been my lot to live amongst idolaters, among persons of all creeds and of all religions, but I never knew yet of a single instance in which public means were not provided, sufficient to teach the people the religion of their country. They might be false religions. *I know but one true one*: but yet means were never wanting, to teach those

false religions ; and I hope that we shall not have done with this subject, until we have found sufficient means for teaching the people of England, their duty to their Maker, and their duty to one-another, founded on their duty to that Maker. I am resolved to tell plainly and honestly what I think, quite regardless of the odium I may incur from those whose prejudices my candour and sincerity may offend. I am here to speak the truth, and not to flatter the prejudices and prepossessions of any man. In speaking the truth, I shall utter it in the language that truth itself most naturally suggests. It is upon her native strength, upon her own truth, it is upon her spiritual character, and upon the purity of her doctrines, that the Church of England rests. It is by these means, and not by tests and proscriptions, that Protestantism has been maintained, let her be assured of this."

"It is our duty in every case to promote the Protestant religion. It is our duty to do so, not only on account of the political relations between the religion of the Church of England, and the Government, but because we believe it to be the purest doctrine, and the best system of religion that can be offered to a people."

The same conviction led him, in a recent conversation with a clergyman, who was speaking against Missions to the heathen, on the plea that we should first see that all were instructed at

home, to exclaim, "Sir, you forget your marching orders, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;' I think you can say nothing against that."

On another occasion, his practical religion was shown in his reply to a lady, who asked him, why he paid such marked attention to a person, whose family he knew had injured and defamed him. "Do you never say the Lord's Prayer?" was his immediate answer. "Yes, certainly." "So do I, daily," said the Duke; "you now know the reason of my conduct."

But, for many years past, he was a daily worshipper in the house of God, as well as a regular observer of the appointed Sabbath. No weather hindered him, and not unfrequently, in snow and storm, has he been almost the sole attendant. He was a regular partaker of the Holy Communion, and one whose whole soul hated the semblance of falsehood, could never offer to a Heavenly King, a less loyal and devoted heart than to an earthly one.

An Irish clergyman, who went through a heavy fall of snow to the Chapel Royal, St. James's, having never seen the Duke, and earnestly wishing to do so, thus describes the striking scene:—

"The hero, the deliverer, the warrior of unmatched wisdom in the hour of difficulty, firmness in the hour of hesitation, and forbearance in the hour of triumph, stood before us, his head hoar

with age, his body feeble, and his voice faint, the solitary worshipper of that God, who had so often shielded his head in the day of battle, and through his arm, delivered the British Empire, and its countless subjects, from invasion and overthrow. The sight struck us as particularly fine.

“On our entrance, the Psalms for the day were being read. The Duke took alternate verses with the clergyman. He spoke with an utterance that was thick and indistinct; and occasionally stammered a little, ere he got out a word; but still his voice filled the chapel.

“Although my friend and I habitually answered the responses, we felt that it would be more edifying that we should be silent worshippers. It struck us both that the Psalm was particularly appropriate. After our entrance it ran and was read thus :

“*The Duke.*—I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God: and will make mention of Thy righteousness only.

“*Clergyman.*—Thou, O God, hast taught me from my youth up until now: therefore, will I tell of Thy wondrous works.

“*The Duke.*—Forsake me not, O God, in mine old age, when I am grey-headed, until I have showed Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power to all them that are yet for to come.

“*Clergyman.*—Thy righteousness, O God, is very high; and great things are they that Thou hast done. O God, who is like unto Thee?

“ *The Duke.*—O what great troubles and adversities Thou hast showed me, and yet didst Thou turn and refresh me, yea, and broughtest me from the deep of the earth again.

“ *Clergyman.*—Thou hast brought me to great honour, and comforted me on every side.

“ *The Duke.*—Therefore will I praise Thee, and Thy faithfulness, O God, playing upon an instrument of music: unto Thee will I sing unto the harp, and Thou Holy One of Israel.

“ *Clergyman.*—My lips will be fain when I sing unto Thee: and so will my soul whom Thou hast delivered.

“ *The Duke.*—My tongue also shall talk of Thy righteousness all the day long: for they are confounded and brought unto shame, that seek to do me evil.

“ *Clergyman.*—Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

“ *The Duke.*—As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.”



CHAPTER VIII.

The Summary—The Duke's characteristics contrasted with other Conquerors—French estimate of his worth—His death—Public testimonials—Lord Derby's Letter—Inscription on the plate of Coffin—Admission of the Public—Arrival of the body in London—The lying in state at Chelsea—Orders and Batons—The opening of Parliament—The Queen's Speech—Her Majesty's visit to Chelsea—Lord Brougham's and Lord Derby's Speeches—The Funeral Procession—The Services in St. Paul's—Conclusion—Address to the Children of England.

WE have now followed the great Duke through a long life—one filled, from an early age, with more stirring and important events than have ever perhaps occurred in the life of man—and it is impossible for any one to have carefully read his life, not merely looking at the incidents of it, but at the principles which influenced his actions, without rising from the perusal wiser and better;—more determined to live for a purpose, and to fulfil more earnestly and heartily whatever duties it may please God to appoint for them.

At the age of twenty-one the Duke was chosen a member of Parliament. Soon after that, entrusted with an important command in the burning clime of India, where, in the course of a few years, he changed the whole face of affairs in that vast

empire, consolidated the power of England over it, and firmly established her in those possessions, which have ever since been the source of incalculable wealth.

From India he returned to England, where he was for a time employed in a different sphere, but still one in which he displayed the same energy which characterized all his engagements. Whatever his duty was, he did it *heartily*; and this was the secret of his success.

After a few years he was called to the mighty work for which God had specially raised him up, and nobly he fulfilled it. "He set his face like a flint," against danger, opposition, detraction, ingratitude. The object set before him was to deliver Europe from the most dreadful tyranny, to relieve oppressed nations from the yoke of a tyrant, and, above all, that which was dearest to his heart, to preserve his own beloved country from dangers within and without. The gifts with which he was endowed exactly qualified him to accomplish these ends: he possessed a clear, calm judgment, which was able to weigh and estimate difficulties; with an equal promptness to act upon a decision when once made; unflinching firmness in following out a purpose; undaunted courage in action; and that strong devotedness to *duty* that made him never turn to the right or the left to gain human applause, or to avoid human censure. If a plan failed, he was not discouraged when he felt "he had done all that he

could;" the result was not in his hands. The foundation of this grand character was an intense love of *truth*, which led him, at all times, to show equal justice to friends or enemies. He abhorred deceit and falsehood in every shape. Another distinguishing feature in his character was *reverence*, without which no real elevation of mind can ever subsist; that deference to law and authority which made him, however conscious he must have felt of his own superiority, readily yield to those above him in rank—thus setting to his soldiers the example of that discipline which finally rendered his armies invincible. This love of law and order made him at once the most earnest patriot, and the most devoted and loyal of subjects. His great deeds were never sullied by ambition or the love of power; he never used his vast influence for the advancement of his own interest: there was a singleness of purpose in all that he did, which commanded that reverence and admiration which he never courted, but which were yielded to him from the humblest peasant to the mightiest monarchs.

How striking the contrast, the history of this noble patriot affords, to that of other great conquerors. Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon overran empires to gratify their lust of conquest: Wellington subdued them, only to restore them to their lawful sovereigns.

His work, as a warrior, was completed at the

age of forty-five, but his energies were only to be directed to other callings which he fulfilled in the same spirit, as an ambassador, a statesman, a minister a privy-counsellor; though he varied in the tide of popular favour, yet he held on his way steadily, doing what he believed to be right; and, though he never sought notice or popularity, yet, as years rolled on, more and more the feeling strengthened, that he was the wisest and greatest of men; and his counsel and advice were thought almost oracular. In all extremities "the Duke" was sent for, and "if, at any future period, England should feel herself exposed to any great danger, either at home or abroad, her ideas would certainly revert to the man who, for sixty years, served and defended her. She will appreciate still more that wise, firm, and sober genius who never allowed himself either to be intimidated or excited, and whose moderation was rewarded by such a fine destiny."

"The Emperor fell, the scaffolding crumbled away, and he who raised it with heroic temerity, only survived his irreparable shipwreck, for a few years, in exile. His fortunate rival, after a day by which the face of Europe was changed, saw open before him another career which procured for him a new glory between peace and liberty, and which has only just finished in the midst of the unanimous regret and the gratitude of a great country."*

* Assemblée Nationale.

Thus, full of honour and glory, the Duke of Wellington lived, little burdened by the weight of years, taking a lively interest in all that passed around him, blessed with unusual vigour and energy. Like Moses "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated," when suddenly, after an illness which only lasted a few hours, "he was not, for God had taken him." His departure was like a magnificent sunset without a cloud. Honoured, by the God he had served, in his death as in life, he was freed from the burden of mortality without the pain of wasting sickness, or the feebleness of dependence, or the loss of manly strength. The suddenness with which the blow was struck, was felt in every part of the land ; and England mourned as one man his irreparable loss. Not in England alone, but throughout the continent and America, the same feeling was excited. A mighty man had fallen. Passing bells were tolled from every steeple, and religious observances, commemorative of the same sad event, were held in the churches both at home and abroad. The armies of England and the foreign states of which the Duke was Chief-Marshal, were clothed in mourning ; and the death of one man never before caused such universal sorrow.

On the 11th of September, 1852, he occupied his usual seat at Walmer Church. It was remarked that he looked rather pale, but no alarm was excited. The two following days he was en-

gaged as actively as usual. On the 14th he awoke with a sense of uneasiness, but did not send for medical advice till about eight, when no immediate danger was apprehended. After breakfasting he became rapidly worse; one fit followed another; he was removed from his soldier's bed to his chair, in which, after a short struggle, he expired. That quiet, solemn chamber of death, was the one in which he passed the greater part of his time, during the two months he always spent at Walmer Castle in the autumn, to fulfil his duty as Warden of the Cinque Ports. It was his study, his library, and his bedroom, fitted up with the most perfect simplicity. It looked out upon a grand open sea. The quiet and seclusion of this castle made it most fitting to be the place where the spirit, ceasing from all earthly cares, should pass into the presence of its God.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Douro were unfortunately absent on the continent at the time of this sad event. It was immediately communicated by electric telegraph to her Majesty, who was at Balmoral, by whose command the Prime Minister wrote the following letter to the Home Secretary.

“ Balmoral, September 20th, 1852.

“ Sir, — Her Majesty received, with the deepest grief, on Thursday last, the afflicting intelligence of the sudden death of his Grace the late Duke of Wel-

lington. Although the Queen could not for a moment doubt, but that the voice of the country would be unanimous, upon the subject of the honours to be paid to the memory, of the greatest man of the age, her Majesty considered it due to the feelings of his Grace's surviving relatives, that no step should be taken, even in his honour, without their previous concurrence; and accordingly, on the same evening, in obedience to her Majesty's command, I wrote to Lord Charles Wellesley (the present Duke not having then returned to England), to ascertain whether the late Duke had left any directions, or whether his family desired to express any wish upon the subject; and suggesting the course which appeared to her Majesty best calculated, to give effect to the expression of those feelings, in which the nation, as one man, will sympathize with her Majesty.

“ Having this day received letters from the present Duke and his brother, to the effect that the late Duke has left no directions on the subject, and placing themselves wholly in her Majesty's hands, I hasten to relieve the public anxiety, by signifying to you, for general information, the commands which I have received from her Majesty.

“ The great space which the name of the Duke of Wellington has filled in the history of the last fifty years; his brilliant achievements in the field; his high mental qualities; his long and faithful

services to the Crown; his untiring devotion to the interests of his country, constitute claims upon the gratitude of the nation, which a public funeral, though it cannot satisfy, at least may serve to recognize.

“Her Majesty is well aware that, as in the case of Lord Nelson, she might, of her own authority, have given immediate orders for this public mark of veneration for the memory of the illustrious Duke, and has no doubt but that Parliament and the country would cordially have approved the step; but her Majesty, anxious that this tribute of gratitude and of sorrow should be deprived of nothing, which could invest it with a thoroughly national character,—anxious that the greatest possible number of her subjects, should have an opportunity of joining it, is anxious, above all, that such honours should not appear to emanate from the Crown alone; and that the two Houses of Parliament should have an opportunity, by their previous sanction, of stamping the proposed ceremony with increased solemnity, and of associating themselves with her Majesty, in paying honour to the memory of one, whom no Englishman can name without pride and sorrow.

“The body of the Duke of Wellington will therefore remain, with the concurrence of the family, under proper guardianship, until the Queen shall have received the formal approval of Parlia-

ment of the course which it will be the duty of her Majesty's servants to submit to both Houses upon their re-assembling.

"As soon as possible after that approval shall have been obtained, it is her Majesty's wish, should no unforeseen impediment arise, that the mortal remains of the late illustrious and venerated Commander-in-Chief, should, at the public expense, and with all the solemnity due to the greatness of the occasion, be deposited in the cathedral church of St. Paul's, there to rest by the side of Nelson, the greatest military, by the side of the greatest naval chief, who ever reflected lustre upon the annals of England.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"DERBY.

"Right Hon. S. H. Walpole, M.P."

In obedience to these directions, the body of the departed was inclosed in leaden and mahogany coffins, the latter covered with crimson velvet, on which was a plate inscribed with these words:—

"The most high, mighty, and most noble Prince Arthur, Duke and Marquis of Wellington, Marquis of Douro, Earl of Wellington, Viscount Wellington of Talavera and of Wellington, and Baron Douro of Wellesley, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, Knight Grand Cross of the most honourable order of the Bath, one of her

Majesty's most honourable Privy Councillors, and Field Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's forces—born 1st of May, 1769 ; died 14th September, 1852."

In the same apartment which he had so long occupied, now made sacred by his death, the body remained under the guard of one of his brave regiments, which paced in solemn silence the ramparts which protected the castle of the mighty dead.

When all the preparations for the funeral were made, and the time fixed for the removal of the body to Chelsea, the inhabitants of Walmer, and Deal, and the surrounding places, by whom the Duke had been so universally beloved and venerated, besought to be admitted into the chamber of death, to look upon the relics of the departed. The darkened room was hung with black. On the head of the coffin stood the ducal coronet, and beyond it the pall was thrown back. The coffin rested on a low stand, surrounded by an iron rail, around which were placed candelabra, with immense wax candles, and plumes of feathers ; and for several days streams of visitors, all dressed in mourning, were admitted. The guard of honour of the Rifle Brigade, with arms reversed in attitudes of sorrow, lined the corridors, and gave additional solemnity to the mournful scene. When the body was removed on the Wednesday night, escorted by a troop of the Rifle Brigade,

lighted by flambeaux, thousands of the inhabitants lined the roads, and though the greatest secrecy had been observed as to the time of removal, and the weather was awfully tempestuous, yet at least 4000 persons were awaiting its arrival in the middle of the night in London, and followed the procession to Chelsea Hospital, the appointed place for the lying in state.

The excitement produced on this occasion was so great, that though tickets of admission were issued, and both a military and civil guard appointed, yet some lost their lives from the pressure of the crowd. Sad and solemn was the scene within the walls of the College: a long, covered passage led into the guard-room, where, over the royal arms, surrounded by laurels, shone a faint stream of light, displaying the numberless banners of victory, which told of conquests won by England's heroes, the greatest of whom, in the adjoining gallery, was sleeping the sleep of death. Guards with reversed arms, dressed with black crape, which contrasted strongly with their white plumes, lined the ante-room which led into the solemn chamber, at the end of which lay the mortal remains of the great Duke.

Platforms were raised on each side of the gallery, along which a line of guards, in mournful attitudes, resting on reversed arms, guarded the body. The centre of the hall was open, lighted by double rows of lofty candelabras, containing enormous wax

candles, which cast a subdued light on the sable draperies with which the whole was hung. The lower portion of the gallery was separated off by rails and pillars, surrounded by laurel wreaths, and studded with coronets. A raised dais stood in the centre shrouded by a silver canopy, surmounted by a grand plume of feathers, under which a pale light was thrown. A cloth-of-gold carpet was laid over the centre, and the bier, four feet high, and nine long, was shrouded in black velvet, and on it rested the coffin, covered with crimson velvet, which enclosed the mighty dead. At the back of the bier was the royal escutcheon, surrounded by the Wellington bannerols, upon a cloth-of-gold hanging. The now useless coronet rested on one end, and at the foot of it were suspended all the honours, chains, medals, and orders which he had received. These were:—

The most noble order of the Garter.

The most honourable order of the Bath.

The supreme order of the Annonciade.

The order of St. Ferdinand of Merit.

The Saxon order of the Crown.

The order of St. Januarius.

The Danish order of the Elephant.

The order of the Sword of Sweden.

The order of the St. Esprit.

Order of the Lion d'Or of Hesse Cassel.

Military order of Maximilian Joseph, Bavaria.

Order of Fidélité, Grand Duchy of Baden.

The Wurtemberg order of Military Merit.

The order of the Lion of Baden.

The massive gold batons of the several countries of which the Duke was Field Marshal, were placed on velvet cushions on each side of the coffin. These rested on ten pedestals, on gold lion supporters, more than two feet in height, each bearing the shield, and banners, of their respective nations.

The Baton of Russia.

Order of St. Andrew.

Order of St. George.

Baton of Portugal.

Order of the Tower and Sword.

Baton of Austria.

Order of Maria Thérèse.

Baton of England.

Badge of the Garter, with ribband.

Cross of the Bath, with ribband.

Baton of Spain.

Order of the Golden Fleece.

Order of St. Fernando (highest class).

Order of St. Fernando (fourth class).

Order of St. Hermenegildo.

Baton of Prussia.

Order of the Black Eagle,

Order of the Red Eagle of Brandenburg.

Baton of the Netherlands.

Order of Wilhelm of the Netherlands.

Baton of Hanover.

Order of the Guelphs.

On the remaining two pedestals were the Duke's standard and guidon. The chair of the chief mourner was concealed at the head of the coffin, and within the railing which separates the dais from the hall, sat the yeomen of the guard, and nine mourners of the Duke's staff. The solemnity of the whole scene was most impressive; the silence was only occasionally broken by the words "Move on," as the weeping crowd lingered before the sacred remains. It was a strange contrast to think, that in that same place, forty-four years before, he had stood arraigned at the bar of his country, whose lifeless body was now visited by multitudes, eager to give this last witness of their love and admiration. Sixty or seventy thousand were daily admitted during the week the body lay in state, but crowds were constantly obliged to return without gaining an entrance.

On Thursday, November the 11th, the Queen went in state to open her new parliament, arrayed in all the splendour of royalty; and, in the midst of a dazzling and magnificent scene, surrounded by her court, she rose and spoke first of the nation's great loss in these words:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I cannot meet you for the first time after the dissolution of parliament, without expressing my deep sorrow, in which I am sure you will participate, that your deliberations can no longer be

aided by the counsels of that illustrious man, whose great achievements have exalted the name of England, and in whose loyalty and patriotism, the interests of my throne and of my people, ever found an unfailing support. I rely with confidence on your desire to join me in taking such steps as may mark your sense of the irreparable loss which the country has sustained, by the death of Arthur, Duke of Wellington."

The chair the Duke had always occupied near the throne stood empty, and bore another sad witness to the truth that England's brightest ornament was gone.

From that splendid scene of earthly glory, the Queen returned to her palace, and thence, accompanied by the Prince Albert, and the royal children, all in robes of mourning, she passed to the chamber of death, to visit the remains of that hero she had so loved and honoured during his life. How striking the contrast! How solemn the lesson! The conqueror of all others lay there, vanquished by "the last enemy, Death!"

In compliance with her Majesty's suggestion, a splendid public funeral was voted by both houses of parliament, the preparations for which were already made. Every speech, both in the Lords' and Commons', echoed the same subject—the mighty man who had fallen. All party animosity seemed forgotten in the sense of the common loss;

the one man to whom England and the continent bowed with reverence, they should behold no more. "My lords," said Lord Brougham, "it needed no gift of prophecy, there was no risk in foreseeing and foretelling, that when this day unhappily should come, when he, too, had yielded to fate, who had never yielded to man, enemy or rival, every whisper of detraction would be hushed, and that one voice would be universally raised to acknowledge his transcendent praise. But even the highest expectations have been surpassed. All classes of our fellow citizens, all descriptions of persons, without distinction of class, or of sex, or of party, at home and abroad, the country he served, the allies he saved, the adversaries he overcame, partly in just recollection of benefits, partly in generous oblivion of differences, have all joined in this universal, unbroken, uninterrupted acclamation to sound his transcendent merit; not the merit of genius merely, but that which I place first and foremost in his great character, and that which is worthy of being held up for the imitation, as well as for the admiration of mankind, I mean his great public virtue, his constant self-denial, the abnegation of all selfish feelings, and never once, during his whole illustrious career, suffering any bias of passion, or of personal feeling, or of party feeling, for one instant to interfere with that strict, and rigorous, and constant discharge of his duty, in whatever station he might be called upon

to perform it. From whence, I have a right to say, that his public virtue is even more to be revered than his genius and fortune to be admired. My lords, we are now grieving over his irreparable loss; may Heaven, in its great mercy, forbid that we should ever see the times when we should yet more sensibly feel it."

The Prime Minister, Lord Derby, then said: "My lords, it is impossible that we should meet here without remembering, as her gracious Majesty has remembered, the great loss which we have sustained. As I rose to address you now, my eye instinctively turned to the head of this table, and looking at that chair, I miss there one familiar and venerated object; his grey head resting on the hand upraised to assist the infirmity of years, as conscientiously and laboriously he sought to catch the words of the humblest member who addressed your lordships' house. Again I see him rising, amidst the breathless silence of your lordships' house, and with faltering accents, with no studied eloquence, in homely phrase, but with a power and grasp of mind, which seized intuitively on the pith and marrow of the matter in hand, slowly and deliberately pressing upon your lordships the wise precepts of his intuitive good sense, and the sententious maxims of his mature experience. It is not for me to speak of the qualifications which distinguished him as a great military leader. His

sagacity in council, his unswerving loyalty to his sovereign, his deep and untiring devotion to the interests of his country, his noble self-reliance, his firmness and decision of character, his abnegation of all selfish views in consideration of the interests of the country, all these are already written in the undying page of history, all these are engraved in the grateful hearts of his countrymen, all these are honoured by the tears, of his Sovereign, all these are about to receive from his country a great, but still inadequate commemoration. He is gone; he is gone where pomp and glory have lost their power of distinction. With reverence be it spoken, there, peacefully and hopefully, may he rest, who, in the vicissitudes of a long life, on the battle-field at the head of his troops, in the congress of monarchs, in the councils of statesmen, in the cabinet of his colleagues, in the presence of his Sovereign, and in the face of the assembled parliament, undazzled by his own great name, and unblinded by the blaze of his own transcendent glory, stedfastly resisted the seductions of any vulgar ambition, flung away motives of personal interest, rose superior to the trifles of any political party, and in every stage of his career, preferred to walk with child-like simplicity, and with that singleness of purpose which is the characteristic of every great mind."

Such were some of the tributes borne to the

memory of the great Duke in that house which he had so long adorned with his presence, and counselled by his wisdom.

On the night of November 17th, the body was removed from Chelsea to the Horse Guards, the scene of the daily labours of the departed Duke. For weeks preceding the funeral, rain had fallen in torrents, and as there was no appearance of any change taking place, it was feared that the multitudes who would assemble on the 18th, as well as those forming the procession, would be exposed to great danger from the inclemency of the weather. But, as if he was to be honoured in death as in life, after a dark and stormy night, a most providential change occurred, the skies gradually cleared up, and a day of bright sunshine followed, the more to be remembered, because it lasted but for *that* day, and then the skies, as if in sympathy with England's sorrows, wept again.

Long before daylight, the whole line of streets through which the procession was to pass, a distance of three miles, presented only one mass of living beings; and numbers, particularly around St. Paul's, had passed the night in the streets. Platforms, to accommodate the largest possible number of persons, were raised in every window; and on the outsides of the Clubs and public buildings, draped with black cloth; as well as enormous stands in every open space which commanded a view. Even the roofs of the houses were covered

with spectators, and the pavements crowded to excess; but the arrangements were so perfect, and the quiet authority of the police so effective, that the reverent conduct of the million and a half persons there gathered together, was a grand witness to the feeling of national and universal sorrow which had drawn them together. The centre of the streets was kept open for the procession, and strong barricades fixed across the entrances to those which ran into the main line, to prevent the dangers which would have arisen from the crowd forcing their way down them. At the early hour of half-past seven, the procession began to form in the Park, at the Horse-Guards. The body was brought forth, and the coffin which contained it placed on the funeral car; as soon as it was uncovered, all the troops presented arms for the last time to their Commander. The procession formed in the following order, in Saint James's Park:—

- Infantry.**—Six Battalions consisting of
 Three Battalions of her Majesty's Regiments of Guards.
 One Battalion of her Majesty's 33rd Foot.
 One Battalion of the Rifle Brigade:
 Each Battalion of 600 strong, making 3600.
- Cavalry.**—Eight Squadrons, consisting of
 Three Squadrons of her Majesty's Life Guards.
 Five Squadrons of Cavalry, making 640 Swords.
- Artillery.**—Seventeen Guns of the Royal Artillery.
 Marshalmen on Foot.
 Messenger of the College of Arms on Foot.
 Eight Conductors with Staves on Foot.

Chelsea Pensioners, in number eighty-three.

Twelve enrolled Pensioners on Foot.

One Soldier from every Regiment in her Majesty's Service.

Trumpets and Kettle Drums.

Two Pursuivants of Arms in a Mourning Coach.

The Standard of Pennon,

Carried by a Lieut.-Colonel, supported by two Captains in the Army on Horseback.

Servants of the Deceased.

Lieutenant and Deputy Lieutenant of the Tower.

Deputations from Public Bodies :

Merchant Tailors' Company. East India Company.

Corporation of the Trinity House.

Barons and Officers of the Cinque Ports,

With the

Lieutenant and Deputy Lieutenant of Dover Castle.

Captains of Deal, Walmer, Sandgate, and Sandown Castles.

Board of Ordnance, and Ordnance Department.

Delegation from the University of Oxford.

[Deputation from the Common Council of the City of London, after the Procession has passed through Temple-bar, will fall in here.]

Trumpets.

Two Pursuivants of Arms in a Mourning Coach.

The Guidon,

Carried by a Lieut.-Colonel, supported by two Captains in the Army on Horseback.

Comptroller of the late Duke's Household, in a Mourning Coach.

Physicians to the Deceased,

Chaplain of the Tower,

Chaplain General of the Forces,

} In a Mourning Coach.

High Sheriff of the County of Southampton.

Sheriffs of London.

Aldermen and Recorder of London; a Deputation consisting of Four Carriages.

Companions of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four.

Members of the House of Commons have seats reserved for them in the Cathedral.

Knights Commanders of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four.

Knights Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four.

In each class, one from the Army, one from the Navy, one from the East India Company's Service, and one from the Civil Service.

Trumpets.

Heralds.

Banner of Wellesley,

Carried by a Lieut.-Colonel, supported by two Captains in the Army on Horseback.

The Lord Justices of Appeal.

Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Master of the Rolls.

Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench.

Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Paymaster General of the Forces.

The Right Hon. the Secretary-at-War.

The Right Hon. the Judge Advocate General.

Master General of the Ordnance.

First Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty.

Secretaries of State for the Home and Colonial Departments.

[Speaker of the House of Commons, if not with the House.]

Barons. Bishops. Viscounts. Earls. Marquesses. Dukes.

Earl of Malmesbury—Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Earl Derby—First Lord Commissioner of her Majesty's Treasury.

Earl Marshal of England.

Lord Great Chamberlain.

Lord Privy Seal.

Lord President of the Council.

Lord Archbishop of York.

Lord High Chancellor.

Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

[At Temple Bar the Lord Mayor, carrying the City Sword, will join in the procession.]

Military Secretary.

Assistant Quarter-Master-Genl. Assistant Adjutant-Genl.

Aide de Camp to the deceased. Aide de Camp to the deceased.

Deputy Quarter-Master-Genl. Deputy Adjutant-Genl.

Quarter-Master-General. Adjutant General.

His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT,

On Horseback.

On Horseback.

In a Carriage drawn by Six Horses; attended by the Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household, and the Groom of the Stole to his Royal Highness.

A Second Carriage with other Attendants.

A Third Carriage with other Attendants.

Four Trumpets.

Sergeant Trumpeter.

Heralds.

Norroy King-of-Arms.

The Great Banner,

Carried by a Colonel, supported by two Lieutenant-Colonels on Horseback.

[Here on reaching the Cathedral, the Dignitaries of the Church meeting the Body at the West Door, fall in.]

The Spurs borne by York Herald.

The Helmet and Crest borne by Richmond Herald.

The Sword and Target borne by Lancaster Herald.

The Surcoat borne by Chester Herald.

Foreign Batons. Austria. Hanover. Netherlands.

Prussia. Portugal. Russia. Spain.

The Baton of the Deceased, as Field Marshal, borne on a Black Velvet Cushion in a Mourning Coach, by the Marquis of Anglesey.

Gentleman Usher.	{	The Coronet of the Deceased borne on a Black Velvet Cushion in a Mourning Coach, by Clarenceux, King-of-Arms.	}	Gentleman Usher.
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Five Banners borne by Officers in the Army on Horseback.

The Body,
Covered with a Black Velvet Pall,
Adorned with Escutcheons,
in a
Funeral Car drawn by Twelve Horses.

Five Banners borne by Officers in the Army on Horseback.

The Pall Bearers, Eight General Officers, in Mourning Coaches.

Gentleman
Usher.

Garter Principal King-of-Arms,
in a Mourning Coach.

Gentleman
Usher.

THE CHIEF MOURNER,
 In a long Mourning Cloak,
 His Train borne by
 The Hon. Wm. Wellesley.

Supporter,
 The Marquis of
 Salisbury.

Supporter,
 The Marquis of
 Tweeddale.

Ten Assistants to the Chief Mourner.
 Relations and Friends of the Deceased.
 The late Duke's Horse led by a Groom.

Officers and Men from every Regiment in the Service ; with Bands
 representing every such Regiment.
 Carriages of the Queen and of the Royal Family.
 Troops to close the Procession.

The whole line proceeded up Constitution Hill to Apsley House; through Piccadilly, by St. James's Street; Pall Mall; Cockspur Street; Charing Cross; the Strand; Temple Bar; down Fleet Street; up Ludgate Hill; to the grand entrance to St. Paul's Cathedral.

It was at once the most magnificent sight, and the most mournful, that ever was beheld. The intense reverence of the vast multitude was touchingly shown as the body passed to its last resting-place; every head was uncovered. In Waterloo Place, and the surrounding neighbourhood, where at least 40,000 people were congregated, the simultaneous movement was quite overwhelming.

The splendid troops slowly passing along, accompanied by solemn martial music, the muffled drums, the reversed arms, the stately "Dead March, in Saul," taken up at intervals by the succeeding bands—the Duke's favourite 33rd regiment, now honoured with the title, "The Duke's Own," alone

silent, with craped instruments; the rattle of the artillery; the slow, sad march of the eighty-three old pensioners, who had fought with the Duke in his battles, and must soon follow him to the grave; and, above all, his own favourite horse, led by his groom, with his boots suspended, useless, by the saddle's side;—all echoed, as they passed by, the mournful truth, that “we should see his face no more.”

The Prince Albert attended in person, in the procession, and the Queen and royal family saw it from two points of view. Almost every nation of the continent sent its representatives, who in mourning coaches bore the Batons of their respective Sovereigns. The day was observed throughout Great Britain, Europe, and America, as a day of mourning. One writing from Canada also says, “The day of the funeral of the great Duke was observed with much solemnity in all our large towns, alike respected is his memory at home and abroad.” All business was suspended. In various places solemn services were held, and funeral sermons preached, as well as on the following Sunday, when almost from every pulpit God's great instrument of blessing was remembered with honour.

The funeral car was drawn by twelve black horses, three abreast, with embroidered velvet housings, on which were the Duke's arms. The carriage was richly bronzed, and on the platform of the car, were inscribed the names of his victories. Military

trophies of arms were grouped on each side. The bier was covered with a velvet pall, with a silver lace fringe of laurel leaves, with the words embroidered in silver upon it, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Real laurel and cypress branches and leaves were profusely scattered around it. Upon the bier was placed the coffin uncovered, and on it the military hat and the sword the great Commander had so often raised in defence of justice and right. The whole was protected by a rich curtained canopy. The arms of all the troops were reversed, except those who were immediately behind the colours, and these bore drawn swords, raised to show that they would die in their defence. How inspiring it must have been to every soldier in these splendid regiments, to feel what a country he was pledged to defend—one that rendered to her heroes such a tribute of gratitude and sorrow.

Slowly the procession, which was about three miles in length, reached St. Paul's Cathedral. The whole space under the dome had been fitted up with seats, covered with black, for more than 10,000 worshippers. Around the whole upper cornice of the vast edifice ran a pale stream of light, the effect of which was very striking.

The procession entered in the following order.—

The Spurs, borne by York Herald.

The Helmet and Crest, borne by Richmond Herald.

The Sword and Target, borne by Lancaster Herald.

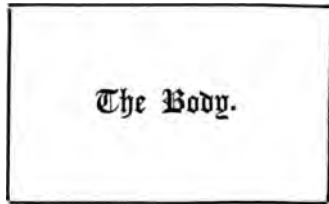
The Surcoat, borne by Chester Herald.

Foreign Batons.

The Baton of the Deceased, as Field Marshal, borne
by the Marquis of Anglesea, K.G., and supported as before.

Gentleman Usher. The Coronet and Cushion,
borne by Clarenceux King-of-Arms. Gentleman Usher.

Five General Officers
bearing Banners.
Four General Officers
supporters of the Pall.



Five General Officers
bearing Banners.
Four General Officers
supporters of the Pall.

Gentleman
Usher.

Garter Principal King-of-Arms.
THE CHIEF MOURNER,
In a long Mourning Cloak,
His train borne by
The Hon. William Wellesley,
Lord Charles Wellesley.
Assistants to the Chief Mourner.
Relations.
Friends.

Gentleman
Usher.

As the Body was brought into the Cathedral, the band of choristers advanced to meet it, chanting the blessed words, "I am the resurrection and the life," which were followed by the solemn burial service.

The place appointed for the tomb was immediately under the dome, by the side of Nelson's. A moving platform was placed over the spot, on which the coffin was laid.

The Psalms were chanted to the noble tunes composed by Lord Mornington, followed by the

anthem, "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so those also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." After the Lessons the Dirge was sung, the words of which were taken from 2 Sam. iii. 31, 32. "And the King said to all the people that were with him, Rend your clothes, and gird you with sackcloth, and mourn. And the King himself followed the bier. And they buried him. And the King lifted up his voice, and wept at the grave, and all the people wept. And the King said unto his servants, Know ye not, that there is a Prince, and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Then followed the most affecting part of the whole ceremony. The coffin was gradually and almost insensibly lowered into the crypt, "whilst from the wood and brass instruments and the organ were heard the intensely pathetic passages of Handel's Dead March in Saul." . . . "Except sobs from the multitude, and the sounds of the music, there was not a murmur; everybody seemed to hold his breath, to fix the eye with one lingering, farewell, stedfast gaze at the crimson coffin, as if each one was parting with the dearest object on earth."

Then followed the solemn words, "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.

“In the midst of life we are in death; of whom may we seek for succour but of Thee, O Lord, Who for our sins art justly displeased ?

“Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord God most Mighty; O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

“Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts: shut not thy merciful ears to our prayers; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most Mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death to fall from Thee.”

Then was the earth cast into the grave, and the words spoken, “Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself.” And the glorious sounds followed: “I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; Even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours.” The whole multitude then seemed to respond with one voice to the Lord’s Prayer; and, like waves of sound, it re-echoed

through the whole vast building,—“Thy will be done,”—calming the sorrow into submission. At this appointed hour, the bells tolled from every steeple throughout London and all England. “His body is buried in peace” was performed by the choir. The Garter King-at-arms read over the tomb the long list of titles and honours of the deceased; and then his faithful servant, the Comptroller of his Household, broke his staff of office, and cast it into his master’s grave.

“Sleepers, awake!” and “To Thee, O Lord, I yield my soul,” preceded the final benediction from the Bishop of London: “The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.”



CONCLUSION.

AND now, children of England, I have written for you a short history of the great Duke of Wellington. His life, from the beginning to the end of it, is the most remarkable recorded in history. He was a man raised up by God to do more for the good of mankind than any other warrior or statesman who ever lived; and yet he was a warrior who only fought that he might secure what he valued above all things—lasting peace. So deeply did he feel and dread the miseries of war, that he said he would gladly lay down his life to prevent a civil war for one month in his own beloved country.

We cannot say that the Duke was too great to copy and imitate; for in his boyish days it was thought that he had very little talent, and would never distinguish himself. He rose by stern perseverance; by strong resolution, rather than by what is called genius. All through his life we may trace the same characteristics. When he set a great end before him, he used every possible means to accomplish it; there was nothing so minute and unimportant that he disdained to employ. It was not by dash, but by steady, dogged perseverance

and determination that he gained, as he says, "the top of the tree." If his plans failed, he was not discouraged, when he had done all that he could to accomplish them.

He had great presence of mind, and we have seen, in many instances in his life, of what value this quality was; for whole armies might have been destroyed had he not, by that perfect self-command which he acquired, been able, in the moment of peril, to remain unshaken.

He never acted from impulse, but from principle. He learned from his childhood that duty, and truth, and justice, were higher motives than self-pleasing, self-seeking, and self-will. He had a deep reverence for law and authority, which saved him many a struggle by which meaner minds are overcome. Perhaps no subject ever more fully fulfilled the Christian precept, to "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, whether it be to the King as supreme, or unto Governors, as unto them that are sent by Him, for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well." "Honour all men." "Fear God: honour the king."*

Ambition or love of power never sullied his mind. With every thing within his reach he would never ask, or allow a favour to be asked for him.

Malice or bitterness against his enemies he never felt. He would not read things which were

* 1 Peter ii. 13—17.

written against him, lest he should feel irritated or tempted to enter into self-defence.

A few months ago he declared that he had been long beset by a passionate temper, but that he had been able, through the study of the Scriptures, to overcome it.

To his soldiers he wrote:—"The officers of the army should recollect that it is not only no degradation, but it is meritorious for him that is in the wrong, to acknowledge and atone for his error; and that the momentary humiliation which any man may feel upon making such acknowledgment, is more than atoned for by the subsequent satisfaction which it affords him."*

We have spoken already of the Duke's love of children; and it was one of his pleasures in the country to visit the beautiful infants' school which he had built, and to notice its happy inmates. To his people he was the kindest of landlords, and never suffered one of them to enter a poor-house. He threw open his preserves of game, because one of his keepers had been killed by poachers, who were taken and punished for the crime; saying,—“I will not allow my men to be murdered and other men transported for the sake of a parcel of birds and some paltry game.”

The Duke lived much longer than most men, not only because his years were more numerous, but because every portion of his time was fully and

* Despatches.

usefully occupied. He rose habitually early, and worked for hours, which others spend in sleep, when the mind is strongest and most vigorous.

His habits were abstemious and self-denying. His narrow iron bed was scarcely wide enough to turn round in, because, as he playfully remarked, "When it was time to turn round it was time to turn out." He was indifferent to the food he ate; and by abstaining from all stimulants, he was able, without spilling a drop, to raise a glass of water filled to the brim to his lips, to the last day of his life.

But the grandest of all his qualities was his intense love of *truth*, which made him straightforward in all his dealings, keeping strictly to the very letter of his promises, and abhorrent of falsehood in every shape; and *duty* was the moving spring of all his actions.

Children of England, great and noble as Wellington was, here are qualities you can all imitate. This is the stuff out of which heroes are made, whether they have to fight on battle-fields, or to wage a quieter war within. You are all called to "endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." You were all pledged, by your baptism, to be warriors, when you were signed with the sign of the Cross. You promised that you would "manfully fight under Christ's banner, against sin, the world, and the Devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto your life's end." Re-

deem, then, this sacred pledge. Use all diligence. God has given to each one his appointed task to fulfil,—to each one some talent to be used for His glory. It may be only *one* talent; but even that must not be buried in the earth, for He will expect “His own with usury.”

You will have read this book to little purpose if you do not rise up from it with this determination, that you will be more resolute in the performance of every duty, and more earnest in fulfilling, with zeal and diligence, the work given you to do. “This path of *duty* is the Queen’s highway, open to both sexes, and to all ranks and conditions; and I say this, that the man, the woman, or the child who, undeterred by menace, and unallured by temptation, never swerving to the right or left—with a stout heart and a sturdy step, pursues that onward path, is, whether conscious of the fact or not, following the example and treading in the footsteps of ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON.”*

* Lord Ellesmere.

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PREFACE.

It is with no presumptuous purpose to depreciate or supersede the labours of others in the same field, that I am induced to publish the present Commentary on the Gospels. It might, indeed, be sufficient to say, that the mine, or the stream, or the mountain-side, or wherever the ore may be found, is ample enough to admit, and rich enough to reward, the labours of each that digs. But I would simply state my own feelings on the subject, and what it was which first led to the present work.

Having been, for many years, in the habit of reading expositions of Scripture in my domestic worship, I had soon exhausted the few volumes adapted for that purpose which I possessed, and was then induced to make trial of original exposition. Indeed, even at an earlier period, I had often been forced to blend the two. So many circumstances arose amid the various exigencies and events of a somewhat large and promiscuous household, requiring, or at least seeming to call forth, a peculiar notice, either for warning or encouragement—to build up, or, it may have been, even to lay the foundation—that I had soon found that no Commentary, however ample or however excellent, could meet all the varying phases and requirements of an ever-changing family circle. I therefore had recourse at last to reliance on my own resources; and though, in many a particular, I could not but be conscious of the inferiority, yet, upon the whole, I found it more useful, and far more easy, in that way to give to each his due portion of meat in his season. I had in this way gone through the whole of the New Testament; and then, after some interval of other portions of Scripture, I again, a few months ago, resumed the Gospels. It then occurred to me to gather up, as it were, on the following morning, as accurately as I could remember, the crumbs I had scattered the preceding night. This I continued to do without any reference to or idea

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of publication, till they began to accumulate on my hands, and it then suggested itself to me, that that which I felt and knew had, through the blessing of God, been useful to some, might, through the same blessing, be beneficial and acceptable to others.

I am, at the same time, quite aware, that neither this Commentary, nor, in fact, any, can supply the deficiencies I felt in my own household, and which each one, no doubt, equally feels in his. It is the same with prayer: no form of prayer, however excellent, can meet all the requirements of a family congregation. The want of to-day is perhaps supplied by the gift of to-morrow, and succeeded by another want of another character: the health of to-day may give way to the sickness of to-morrow, or the sickness be replaced by health; the departure of a member of the household on a journey may call for especial prayer for protection, or the return in safety for especial thanksgiving. The inadvertence or thoughtlessness of the younger, and the deliberate transgression of the older member, demand different language; and no source but the gushing out of the feeling from the heart at the moment of need, is adequate to supply all this. And yet there are so many wants in common, so many infirmities, trials, and afflictions shared alike, and "accomplished in our brethren that are in the world," that there are but few forms in which we cannot find much adapted to our own case, and our own household. And so with regard to Expositions of Scripture, there are few which, if they simply and unreservedly set forth the truth as it is in Jesus, may not be used with benefit in every family circle. The present one puts forth no claims to originality of design or comment: it is literally the gathering up of what was actually delivered in a household, as far as memory could supply, with, of course, the necessary omission of merely personal or local observations. It is very possible that in the address of the moment, I may have adopted, unawares, the thoughts or even the words of a predecessor; and even where memory has consciously supplied a more powerful or happier expression than my own, I have not hesitated to appropriate it, though, of course, with acknowledgments of the debt.

Should it be found that the present volumes are an acceptable addition to the household requirements of family devotion, they will be followed by the remaining Gospels. In committing the present portion to the press, I commend it, in earnest prayer, to the great Head of the Church; and, in the words of a holy man of old, I would say, "Domine Deus, quæcunque dixi de tuo, agnoscat et tui; si qua de meo, et tu ignosce et tui."—*August. De Trin.*

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